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THE TRAGICAL REIGN OF SELIMUS 1594

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1908

This reprint of the Tragical Reign of Selimus has been prepared by W. Bang and checked by the General

Editor.

Feb. 1909.

W. W. Greg.

No entry of Selimus has been found on the Stationers' Registers.

The play was printed in quarto by Thomas Creede with the date 1594, and this is the only edition known. It is described on the title-page as 'The First part of the Tragicall raigne of Selimus,' and the epilogue promises a continuation, but there is no evidence that any such second part was ever written. In 1638 the unsold stock was issued by John Crooke and Richard Serger, with a new title-page as 'The Tragedy of Selimus Emperour of the Turkes. Written [by] T. G.' These initials are supposed to refer to Thomas Goffe, whose Turkish tragedies were then fairly recent. The prologue, which occupied the verso of the cancelled title-page, was not reprinted.

Of the original issue there are copies at the British Museum (C. 34. b. 43), and the Bodleian, two in the Dyce collection (one imperfect), and one in that of the Duke of Devonshire. Of these the first two have been collated throughout in preparing the present reprint, while all irregularities have been checked with the two Dyce copies. Of the later issue copies are found at the British Museum (643. c. 45) and the Bodleian. The former has been collated. The first and last leaves, presumably blank, are wanting in all copies seen. No variants have been observed. The text of the quarto is printed in an ordinary roman type of a body closely resembling modern Pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.), the prologue in the corresponding italic, and the epilogue or 'Conclusion' in a larger roman type of a body between modern English and Great Primer (20 ll. = 111 mm.).

With regard to authorship it may be said that there is exactly the same evidence for ascribing Selimus to Greene, as for ascribing the Battle of Alcazar to Peele. Six passages, namely, taken from Selimus are quoted

above Greene's name in England's Parnassus (1600, s.v. Delay, Fear, Hate, Kings, Phoenix; see Collins' Greene, ii. 398-406). These passages correspond to the following lines of the quarto: 499-505, 1388-9, 1395, 35-6, 849-53, and 454-5, the only variations beyond points of orthography being 'Echinæus' for 'Echinæis' in l. 455, 'the' for 'his' in l. 500, 'them' for 'him' in l. 502, the correction of 'Daniocles' in l. 851. This is valuable evidence, but it cannot unfortunately be regarded as conclusive even of the compiler's opinion as to the authorship, for we elsewhere find Greene's name appended to three quotations from Spenser, while the description of Samela from Greene's Menaphon is assigned to Lodge.

The author of Selimus, whoever he may have been, seems to have drawn his material from the Turkish Chronicles of Paulus Jovius, but whether from the original or from a translation is at present uncertain.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS.

41. runne.	317. them (then)	588. (word (fword.)
42. spright? (spright.)	335. religions	596. Hnd
59. poore,	(religious)	597. faid thou
84, 89, 100, 163.	344. loue. (like.!)	609. aud
Šelmi	351. where.	633. Ægyhtian
117. Enters	360. as the rest.	651. fonnes (fonne?)
139. gainst Persians	432. greeue:	652. Bassaies (Bassaes)
140. creaft.	434. leane on (leaue)	666. nere (here?)
143. Mustasta	496. fleept (fteept)	677. pratronesse
147. Neroes (Meroes)	509. runnages,	691. witth
152. haruingers	(runnagates,)	723. Acomat Vifir,
171. matry (marry)	510. States,	(Acomat, Vifir,) .
180. (indented)	511. Cherfee. Go	732. low (now?)
242. cafe.	(Cherseoli, go	735. fuguidrie
265. him. (it.)	not indented)	(furquidrie?)
543, mm (m)	in independent	/doto

vi

	Cytheree.	1365. honours ?	2070. it is must
	(indented)	(earers?)	2073-4. (a blank)
784.	obedience	1381. bewitcyes	2077. to (from?)
_	(disobedience?)	1420. Anthropomphagi,	2099. Diademe.
785.	best:	1427. vnpuished,	2137. Coreut
	Baaizets	1432. Fmperour	2141. please (pease?)
	By (But)	1450. ruine (raine)	2147. Butis(Itisbut?)
808.	will (wile)	fhew'r (i.e. fhower)	2186. foule (foules)
810.	stedfast (i.e.	1466. Acomot	2231. hane
	stedfast'st)	1469. keeling	2248,2253,2268,2402.
813.	he (he'll?)	1480. Puld (Pull?)	Alinda (Aladin)
825.	fare (fear)	1493. fo cut (fo to cut)	2254. them, (him,?)
	Ar (Or)	1531. (indented)	2272. leffon
851.	Daniocles	1634. Then(When?)	2291. Ianizars
869.	vnreasonables	1635. that (the?)	(Ianizaries?)
941.	peere, (peeres,)	1697. Auicemaes	2315. coul'ft
	Regian.	1754. incage(inacage?)	2318. after liue (liue
968.	messenger.	1756. am. (am now.?)	after or after-live?)
1009.	Shall (To?)	1771. rages (raging?)	2335. die.
	Lord (Lords)	1773. flathing	2358. Ianızaries.
	refistance	(flathing?)	2367. Solima?
	to (vnto?)	1776. leaudstirreth	(Solima,)
	parley (parley.)	(i.e.lewdsteereth)	2369. maffacres;
1181.		1780. vales (rules?)	2370. blood.
	thy (his?)	1787. chrillant	2386. resistance
1189.	mote (more)	(thrillant?)	2387. Seli,
1193.	Mahomet	fteele (fteele.)	2396. though brau'd
	(Acomat)	1790. tell (tells)	(though you brau'd)
	curie:	1809. hall.	2397. Amanonian
	Ron. (Zon.)	1810. fleepe, (fleepe,)	(Amazonian)
	bodie (bodies)	1829. For	2413. Stir (i.e. steer)
1263.	tomblack (i.e.	1876. dies (dies.)	2421. buganets,
	tomb-black)	1915. And (To?)	(burganets,?)
	fay: (fays:?)	1922. companie	2424. Heape (Heapt?) -
	torne.	(companies?)	2430. Ianizaties,
	difobedience.	1958. Bull. (speech	2431. Viss, (Vistr.)
1298.		should run on)	2439. Scythia
	compande,	1996. Mustaffa	(Scythian?)
1316.		(Baiazet)	2463. Exit (Enter)
	Erymnies	2002. mortarie. (i.e.	2467. Selimus.
	endue (endure)	mortuary.)	2469. their fwords.
1325.	thy fifter (his	2018. earth	(his fword.?)
	fifter)	2061. Ampharaus	2485. Perfians.
1340.	fouldicis	(Amphiaraus)	2487. balles, (bulles,)
		vii	

*

2488. pawes.
2489. adamantiue
2494. Ianizaries.
2492. Hebras
(Hebrus)

2501-2. (lacuna?)
2542. trees.
2553. greatly (gently)
2560. trinmphant
2562. their (his)

The conjectural readings in II. 666, 1365, 1786, are from Grosart's editions. The text contains a rather unusually large number of roman capitals to italic words. The printer seems also to have been short of italic z. In two cases (II. 2128, 2277) we actually find the form 'Baiazet.' The signature C3 is misprinted A3.

LIST OF CHARACTERS,

in order of entrance.

BAJAZET, Emperor of the Turks. MUSTAFFA, his son-in-law. CHERSEOLI, follower of Bajazet. two Messengers from Selimus. SELIMUS, son to Bajazet, Soldan of Trebizond. SINAM BASSA) followers of OTTRANTE Selimus. Occhiali Acomat, son to Bajazet, Soldan of Amasia. his Vizir. REGAN, follower of Acomat. CALI BASSA courtiers of Bajazet. HALI BASSA J a Messenger from Corcut. MAHOMET, grandson of Bajazet, Prince of Natolia.

The Belierbey of Natolia. Zonara, sister to Mahomet. AGA, follower of Bajazet. ABRAHAM, a Tew. BULLITHRUMBLE, a shepherd. Corcur, son to Bajazet, Soldan of Magnesia. his Page. SOLIMA, daughter to Bajazet and wife to Mustaffa. ALADIN AMURATH, or } sons to Acomat. MURATH a Messenger from Mustaffa. Tonombey, son to the Soldan of Egypt, ally of Acomat. The Queen of Amasia, wife to Acomat.

Janissaries, soldiers, messenger.

The spelling of several names varies. Selimus is often called Selim (sometimes misprinted Selmi), Tonombey appears as Tonombeius, and Aladin's name is persistently misprinted Alinda. The form Murath appears for Amurath in l. 2234. Similarly we have Natalia in ll. 1516, 2495, and Natolia elsewhere; Churlu in l. 2280, and Chiurlu in ll. 2163-5. Bassa is, of course, a form of Bashaw, the modern Pasha.

First part of the Tra-

gicall raigne of Selimus, sometime Emperour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him that now raigneth.

Wherein is showne how hee most vanaturally sailed warres against his owne father Baiaxes, and premailing alterests, in the endomied him to

Also with the transferring of his two brethren, Corons, and Acomos.

As is was played by the Queenes Maiellies Players.



Printed by Thomas Creede, dwelling in Thames
firecte at the figne of the Kathren wheele,
neare the olde Swanne.



THE FIRST PART OF THE most tyrannicall Trapodic and raigne of Sclimus, Emperous of the Taides, and grandfather to him

Enter Beinwet Empereur of Tachie and the kana

. to P & We was

Easte me my La For I am heatie

So Baiaxet, men Varip the thoughts And care thee vis That may difer Valeffe thefe wal And Princes wa Why thats the profit of That all of vame And this vaine the Prime fulpition on I, though on all the world From the South-pe And firetch our in Yet doubt and Looke how the Embroydereth l With fingrant h

Spreading

A 3

Conclusion.

Thus have we brought victorious Selimus, Vnto the Crowne of great Arabia:
Next shall you see him with trinmphant sword, Duiding kingdomes into equals shares, And give them to their warlike followers. If this first part Gentles, do like you well, The second part, shall greater murthers tell.

FINIS.





THE TRAGEDY OF SELIMVS Emperour of the Turber.

Written T. G.

Printed for Isha Couly and Richard Surger and are to be fold at their Shop in Reals Church-yard at the figne of the Grey-Hound, 1638.

TITLE-PAGE OF 1638 (BODL.)

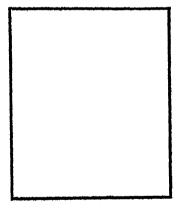
THE First part of the Tra-

gicall raigne of Selimus, fometime Emperour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him that now raigneth.

Wherein is showne how hee most vnnaturally raised warres against his owne father Baiazet, and preuailing therein, in the end caused him to be poysoned:

Also with the murthering of his two brethren, Corcut, and Acomat.

As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players.



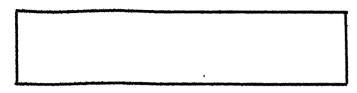
LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, dwelling in Thames ftreete at the figne of the Kathren wheele, neare the olde Swanne.

Prologue.

No fained toy nor forged Tragedie,
Gentles we here present unto your view,
But a most lamentable historie
Which this last age acknowledgeth for true.
Here shall you see the wicked sonne pursue
His wretched father with remorslesse spight:
And danted once, his force againe renue,
Poyson his father, kill his friends in sight.

You shall behold him character in bloud,
The image of an unplacable King:
And like a sea or high resurging sloud,
All obstant lets, downe with his fury sling.
Which if with patience of you shalbe heard,
VVe have the greatest part of our reward.



THE FIRST PART OF THE

most tyrannicall Tragedie and raigne of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes, and grandsather to him that now raigneth.

Enter Baiazet Emperour of Turkie, Mustassa, Cherseoly, and the Iannisaries.

Baiazet.

Eaue me my Lords vntill I call you foorth, For I am heauie and disconsolate.

Exeunt all but Baiazet.

So Baiazet, now thou remainst alone, Vnrip the thoughts that harbour in thy brest, And eate thee vp, for arbiter heres none, That may discrie the cause of thy vnrest, Vnlesse these walles thy secret thoughts declare, And Princes walles they fay, vnfaithfull are. Why thats the profit of great regiment, That all of vs are subject vnto feares, And this vaine shew and glorious intent, Priuie suspition on each scruple reares, I, though on all the world we make extent, From the South-pole vnto the Northren beares, And stretch our raign from East to Western shore, Yet doubt and care are with vs euermore. Looke how the earth clad in her sommers pride, Embroydereth her mantle gorgiously, With fragrant hearbes, and flowers gaily dide,

Spreading

10

20

A 3

Spreading abroad her spangled Tapistrie: Yet vnder all a loathfome inake doth hide. Such is our life, vnder Crownes, cares do lie, And feare the scepter still attends vpon, Oh who can take delight in kingly throne? Publike disorders joyn'd with private carke, 30 Care of our friends, and of our children deare. Do tosse our liues, as waues a filly barke. Though we be fearelesse, tis not without feare, For hidden mischiese lurketh in the darke: And stormes may fall, be the day nere so cleare. He knowes not what it is to be a King, That thinks a scepter is a pleasant thing. Twice fifteene times hath faire Latonaes sonne Walked about the world with his great light: Since I began, would I had nere begunne 40 To fway this scepter. Many a carefull night When Cynthia in hast to bed did runne. Haue I with watching vext my aged spright? Since when what dangers I haue ouerpast, Would make a heart of adamant agast. The Persian Sopbi mightie Ismaell, Tooke the Levante cleane away from mee, And Caraguis Baffa fent his force to quell, Was kild himfelfe the while his men did flee. Poore Hali Baffa having once sped well, 50 And gaind of him a bloodie victorie, Was at the last slaine fighting in the field, Charactering honor in his batt'red shield. Ramirchan the Tartarian Emperour. Gathering to him a number numberlesse, Of bigbond Tartars in a haplesse houre Encountred me, and there my chiefest blesse Good Alemshae (ah this remembrance soure) Was flaine the more t'augment my sad distresse, In leefing Alemshae poore, I lost more

Then euer I had gained theretofore. 60 Well may thy foule rest in her latest graue, Sweete Alemshae the comfort of my dayes, That thou might'st liue, how often did I craue? How often did I bootlesse praiers raise To that high power that life first to thee gaue? Trustie wast thou to me at all assaies, And deerest child thy father oft hath cride, That thou hadft liu'd, so he himselfe had dide. The Christian Armies, oftentimes defeated By my victorious fathers valiance, 70 Haue all my Captaines famously confronted, And crackt in two our vncontrolled lance. My strongest garrisons they have supplanted, And ouerwhelmed me in fad mischance: And my decrease so long wrought their increase, Till I was forc'd conclude a friendly peace. Now all these are but forraine dammages, Taken in warre whose die vncertaine is, But I shall have more home-borne outrages, Vnlesse my diuination aimes amisse: 80 I have three fonnes all of vnequall ages, And all in diverse studies set their blisse. Corcut my eldest a Philosopher, Acomat pompous, Selmi a warriour. Corcut in faire Magnesia leades his life, In learning Arts, and Mabounds dreaded lawes: Acomat loues to court it with his wife, And in a pleasant quiet ioyes to pause: But Selmi followes warres in difmall strife, And fnatcheth at my Crowne with greedy clawes: 90 But he shall misse of that he aimeth at, For I referue it for my Acomat. For Acomat? Alasse it cannot be, Stearne Selimus hath wonne my peoples hart, The lanissaries loue him more then me:

And

And for his cause will suffer any smart. They see he is a friend to chiualrie, And fooner will they from my faith depart, And by strong hand Baiazet pull thee downe, 100 Then let their Selmi hop without the Crowne. Ah, if the fouldiers ouerrule thy state, And nothing must be done without their will, If euery base and vostart runnagate Shall crosse a Prince and ouerthwart him still. If Corcut, Selimus, and Acomat, With crowns and kingdoms shal their hungers fill? Poore Baiazet what then remaines to thee? But the bare title of thy dignitie. I, and vnlesse thou do dissemble all, 110 And winke at Selimus aspiring thought: The Bassacs cruelly shall worke thy fall, And then thy Empire is but deerly bought. Ah that our sonnes thus to ambition thrall, Should fet the law of Nature all at nought. But what must be, cannot chuse but be done, Come Bassaes enter, Baiazes hath done.

Enters againe.

Cherseoli. Dread Emperour, long may you happie liue, Lou'd of your subiects, and feard of your foes:

120 We wonder much what doth your highnesse grieue,
That you will not vnto your Lords disclose.
Perhaps you feare least we your loyall Peeres,
Would prooue disloyall to your Maiestie,
And be rebellious in your dying yeeres.
But mightie Prince the heavens can testisie,
How dearly we esteeme your safetie.

Mustaf. Perhaps you thinke Mustaffa wil revolt

And leave your grace, and cleave to Selimus,
But sooner shall th'almighties thunderbolt

130 Strike me downe to the caue tenebrious
The lowest land, and damned spirits holt

Then

Then true Mustaffa prooue so treacherous: Your Maiestie then needs not much to feare. Since you are lou'd of subject, Prince, and Peere. First shall the Sunne rise from the occident, And loose his steeds benighted in the East, First shall the sea become the continent, Ere we forfake our foueraignes beheaft: We fought not for you gainst Persians Tent, Breaking our Launces on his sturdie creast. We fought not for you gainft the Christian hoast, To become traytors after all our cost.

140

Baia. Heare me Mustasia and Cherseoli, I am a father of a headstrong brood, Which if I looke not closely to my selfe, Will feeke to ruinate their fathers state, Euen as the vipers in great Neroes fenne, Eate vp the belly that first nourish'd them. You fee the haruest of my life is past, And aged winter hath beforent my head, With a hoare frost of silver coloured haires, The harvingers of honourable eld, These branchlike vaines which once did guide my armes To toffe the speare in battellous array, Now withered vp, haue lost their former strength: My fonnes whom now ambition ginnes to pricke, May take occasion of my weakned age, And rife in rebell armes against my state.

150

But staie, here comes a Messenger to vs. Sound within. Enters a Messenger. Messen. Health and good hap to Baiazet, The great commander of all Afia, Selmi the Soldane of great Trebisond, Sends me vnto your grace, to fignifie His alliance with the King of Tartary.

160

Baia. Said I not Lords as much to you before, That mine own fonnes would feek my ouerthrow?

And

And fee here comes a luckleffe meffenger, To prooue that true, which my mind did foretell. 170 Does Selim make to small account of vs. That he dare matry without our consent, And to that diuell too of *Tartarie*? And could he then vnkind, so soone forget The injuries that Ramir did to me, Thus to confort himselfe with him gainst me? Cherse. Your maiestie misconsters Selimus, It cannot be that he in whose high thoughts A map of many valures is enshrin'd, Should feeke his fathers ruine and decay. Selimus is a Prince of forward hope, Whose onely name affrights your enemies, It cannot be he should prooue false to you. Baia. Can it not be? Oh yes Cherfeoli, For Selimus hands do itch to have the Crowne. And he wil haue it, or else pull me downe. Is he a Prince? ah no he is a fea, Into which runne nought but ambitious reaches, Seditious complots, murther, fraud, and hate. Could he not let his father know his mind, 190 But match himselfe when I least thought on it? Must. Perhaps my Lord Selimus lou'd the dame, And feard to certifie you of his loue, Because her father was your enemie. Baia. In loue Mustaffa, Selimus in loue? If he be, Lording, tis not Ladies loue, But loue of rule, and kingly foueraigntie. For wherefore should he feare t'aske my consent? Truftie Mustaffa, if he had feard me, He neuer would have lou'd mine enemie. 200 But this his marriage with the Tartars daughter, Is but the prologue to his crueltie, And quickly shall we have the Tragedie. Which though he act with meditated brauerie.

The world will neuer giue him plauditie. What yet more newes?

Sound within. Enters another Messenger.

Mess. Dread Emperour, Selimus is at hand, Two hundreth thousand strong Tartarians Armed at all points dooes he lead with him, Besides his followers from Trebisond.

210

Baia. I thought so much of wicked Selimus, Oh forlorne hopes and haplesse Baiazet. Is dutic then exiled from his breft, Which nature hath inscrib'd with golden pen, Deepe in the hearts of honourable men? Ah Selim, Selim, wert thou not my fonne, But forme strange vnacquainted forreiner, Whom I should honour as I honour'd thee: Yet would it greeue me euen vnto the death, If he should deale as thou hast dealt with me. And thou my sonne to whom I freely gaue The mightie Empire of great Trebisond, Art too vnnaturall to requite me thus, Good Alemsbae hadst thou liu'd till this day, Thou wouldst have blushed at thy brothers mind. Come fweete Mustaffa, come Cherseoli, And with some good aduice recomfort me.

220

Exeunt. All.

Enter Selimus, Sinam Bassa, Otrante, Occhialie, and the souldiers.

231

Sc. ii

Seli. Now Selimus confider who thou art, Long haft thou marched in disguis'd attire, But now vnmaske thy selfe, and play thy part, And manifest the heate of thy desire: Nourish the coales of thine ambitious sire. And thinke that then thy Empire is most sure, When men for feare thy tyrannie endure. Thinke that to thee there is no vvorse reproach,

B 2

Then

Then filiall dutie in so high a place, 240 Thou oughtst to set barrels of blood abroach, And feeke with fwoord whole kingdomes to displace, Let *Mabounds* lawes be lockt up in their cafe. And meaner men and of a baser spirit, In vertuous actions feeke for glorious merit. I count it facriledge, for to be holy, Or reuerence this thred-bare name of good, Leaue to old men and babes that kind of follie. Count it of equal value with the mud: Make thou a passage for thy gushing floud, 250 By flaughter, treason, or what else thou can, And scorne religion, it disgraces man. My father *Baiazet* is weake and old, And hath not much aboue two yeares to liue, The Turkish Crowne of Pearle and Ophir gold, He meanes to his deare Acomat to give. But ere his ship can to her hauen driue, He fend abroad my tempests in such fort, That she shall finke before she get the port. Alasse, alasse, his highnesse aged head 260 Is not fufficient to support a Crowne, Then Selimus take thou it in his fleed, And if at this thy boldnesse he dare frowne, Or but refift thy will, then pull him downe: For fince he hath fo short a time t'enioy it, Ile make it shorter, or I will destroy him. Nor passe I what our holy votaries Shall here object against my forward minde, I wreake not of their foolish ceremonies. But meane to take my fortune as I finde, 270 Wiledome commands to follow tide and winde: And catch the front of fwift occasion, Before the be too quickly ouergone: Some man will fay I am too impious, Thus to laie siege against my fathers life,

And that I ought to follow vertuous And godly fonnes: that vertue is a glasse Wherein I may my errant life behold, And frame my felfe by it in auncient mould. Good fir, your wifedomes overflowing wit, Digs deepe with learnings wonder-working spade: 280 Perhaps you thinke that now forfooth you fit With some grave wisard in a pratting shade. Auant such glasses: let them view in me, The perfect picture of right tyrannie. I like a Lions looke not worth a leeke. When every dog deprives him of his pray: These honest termes are farre inough to seeke. When angry Fortune menaceth decay, My resolution treads a nearer way. Give me the heart conspiring with the hand, 290 In such a cause my father to withstand. Is he my father? why I am his fonne: I owe no more to him then he to me. If he proceed as he hath now begunne, And passe from me the Turkish Seigniorie, To Acomat, then Selimus is free: And if he injure me that am his fonne. Faith all the loue twixt him and me is done. But for I see the schoolemen are prepard, To plant gainst me their bookish ordinance, 300 I meane to stand on a sentencious gard: And without any far fetcht circumstance, Quickly vnfold mine owne opinion, To arme my heart with irreligion. When first this circled round, this building faire, Some God tooke out of the confused masse, (What God I do not know, nor greatly care) Then euery man of his owne dition was, And every one his life in peace did passe. Warre was not then, and riches were not knowne, 310

B 3

And

And no man faid, this, or this, is mine owne. The plough-man with a furrow did not marke How farre his great possessions did reach: The earth knew not the share, nor seas the barke, The fouldiers entred not the battred breach. Nor Trumpets the tantara loud did teach. There needed them no judge, nor yet no law, Nor any King of whom to stand in awe. But after Ninus, warlike Belus fonne, 320 The earth with vnknowne armour did warray, Then first the sacred name of King begunne: And things that were as common as the day, Did then to fet possessours first obey. Then they establisht lawes and holy rites, To maintaine peace, and gouerne bloodie fights. Then some sage man, aboue the vulgar wise, Knowing that lawes could not in quiet dwell, Vnlesse they were observed: did first devise The names of Gods, religion, heaven, and hell, 330 And gan of paines, and faind rewards to tell: Paines for those men which did neglect the law, Rewards, for those that liu'd in quiet awe. Whereas indeed they were meere fictions, And if they were not, Selim thinkes they were: And these religions observations, Onely bug-beares to keepe the world in feare, And make men quietly a yoake to beare. So that religion of it selfe a bable, Was onely found to make vs peaceable. 340 Hence in especiall come the foolish names, Of father, mother, brother, and fuch like: For who so well his cogitation frames, Shall finde they ferue but onely for to firike Into our minds a certaine kind of loue. For these names too are but a policie, To keepe the quiet of focietie.

Indeed I must confesse they are not bad, Because they keepe the baser fort in feare: But we, whose minde in heavenly thoughts is clad, Whose bodie doth a glorious spirit beare, 350 That hath no bounds, but flieth euery where. Why should we seeke to make that soule a slaue, To which dame Nature lo large freedome gaue. Amongst vs men, there is some difference, Of actions tearmed by vs good or ill: As he that doth his father recompence. Differs from him that doth his father kill. And yet I thinke, thinke other what they will, That Parricides, when death hath given them rest, Shall have as good a part as the rest. 360 And thats iust nothing, for as I suppose In deaths voyd kingdome raignes eternall night: Secure of euill, and secure of foes, Where nothing doth the wicked man affright, No more then him that dies in doing right. Then fince in death nothing shall to vs fall, Here while I liue, Ile haue a fnatch at all. And that can neuer, neuer be attaind, Vnlesse old Baiazes do die the death: For long inough the gray-beard now hath raign'd, And liu'd at ease, while others liu'd vneath. And now its time he should resigne his breath. T'were good for him if he were pressed out, Twould bring him rest, and rid him of his gout. Resolu'd to do it, cast to compasse it Without delay or long procrastination: It argueth an vnmanured wit, When all is readic for so strong inuasion, To draw out time, an vnlookt for mutation May soone preuent vs if we do delay, Quick speed is good, where wisedome leades the (vvay. Occhiali ? Occhi.

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380

Occhi. My Lord.

Sel. Lo flie boy to my father Baiazet. And tell him Selim his obedient sonne, Defires to speake with him and kisse his hands, Tell him I long to fee his gratious face, And that I come with all my chiualrie, To chase the Christians from his Seigniorie: 390 In any wife fay I must speake with him.

Exit Occhiali.

Now Sinam if I speed.

Sinam. What then my Lord?

Sel. What then? why Sinam thou art nothing woorth, I will endeuour to perfuade him man, To give the Empire over vnto me, Perhaps I shall attaine it at his hands: If I cannot, this right hand is refolu'd, To end the period with a fatall stabbe.

Sin. My gratious Lord, give Sinam leave to speake, If you resolue to worke your fathers death, You venture life: thinke you the Ianisfaries Will fuffer you to kill him in their fight, And let you passe free without punishment?

Sel. If I resolue? as sure as heaven is heaven, I meane to see him dead, or my selfe King: As for the Bassacs they are all my friends, And I am fure would pawne their dearest blood, That Selim might be Emperour of Turkes.

Sin. Yet Acomut and Corcut both furniue, To be revenged for their fathers death.

Sel. Sinam if they or twentie fuch as they, Had twentie feuerall Armies in the field. If Selimus were once your Emperour, Ide dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre, And mow their hartleffe squadrons to the ground.

Sin. Oh yet my Lord after your highnesse death,

There is a hell and a reuenging God.

Seli. Tush Sinam these are schoole conditions. To feare the diuell or his curfed damme: 420 Thinkst thou I care for apparitions, Of Sifiphus and of his backward stone, And poore Ixions lamentable mone? Now I thinke the caue of damned ghoafts, Is but a tale to terrifie yoong babes: Like diuels faces scor'd on painted poasts, Or fained circles in our aftrolabes. Why theirs no difference when we are dead, And death once come, then all alike are sped. Or if there were, as I can scarce believe, 430 A heauen of ioy, and hell of endlesse paine: Yet by my foule it neuer should me greeue: So I might on the Turkish Empire raigne, To enter hell, and leane on faire heavens gaine. An Empire Sinam, is so sweete a thing, As I could be a diuell to be a King. But go we Lords and solace in our campe, Till the returne of yoong Occhiali, And if his answere be to thy defire, Selim thy minde in kingly thoughts attire. Exeunt. All.

Appropries and

Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Cherseoli, Occhiali, a Sc. iii the Ianissaries.

Baia. Euen as the great Ægyptian Crocodile,
Wanting his praie, with artificiall teares,
And fained plaints his fubtill tongue doth file,
T'entrap the filly wandring traueller,
And moue him to advance his footing neare,
That when he is in danger of his clawes,
He may deuour him with his famished iawes,
So plaieth craftie Selimus with me,
His haughtie thoughts still wait on Diadems,
And not a step but treads to maiestie.
The

The Phœnix gazeth on the Suns bright beames, The Echinæis swimmes against the streames. Nought but the Turkish scepter can him please, And there I know lieth his chiefe disease. He fends his messenger to craue accesse, And faies he longs to kiffe my aged hands: 460 But howfoeuer he in shew professe, His meaning with his words but weakly stands. And fooner will the Syrteis boyling fands, Become a quiet roade for fleeting shippes, Then Selimus heart agree with Selims lippes. Too well I know the Crocodiles fained teares, Are but nettes wherein to catch his pray: Which who so mou'd with foolish pitie heares, Will be the authour of his owne decay. Then hie thee Baiazet from hence away: 470 A fawning monster is false Selimus, Whose fairest words are most pernicious. Yoong man, would Selim come and speak with vs? What is his message to vs, canst thou tell? Occhi. He craues my Lord, another seigniorie, Nearer to you and to the Christians, That he may make them know, that Selimus Is borne to be a fcourge vnto them all. Baia. Hee's born to be a scourge to me & mine, He neuer would have come with fuch an hoaft, 480 Vnlesse he meant my state to vndermine, What though in word he brauely seeme to boast, The forraging of all the Christian coast? Yet we have cause to feare when burning brands, Are vainly given into a mad mans hands. Well I must seeme to winke at his desire, Although I see it plainer then the light, My lenitie addes fuell to his fire,

Which now begins to breake in flashing bright, Then Baiazes chastise his stubborne spright

Leaft

of	Selimus,	Emperour	of	the	Turkes.
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Least these small sparkles grow to such a slame, 490 As shall consume thee and thy houses name. Alasse I spare when all my store is gone, And thrust my sickle where the corne is reapt, In vaine I fend for the phisition, When on the patient is his graue dust heapt. In vaine, now all his veines in venome fleept Breake out in blifters that will poyfon vs, VVe seeke to give him an Antidotus. He that will stop the brooke, must then begin VVhen fommers heate hath dried up his fpring, 500 And when his pittering streames are low & thin, For let the winter aide vnto him bring, He growes to be of watry flouds the King. And though you dam him vp with loftie rankes, Yet will he quickly ouerflow his bankes. Messenger, go and tell yoong Selimus, We give to him all great Samandria, Bordring on Bulgrade of Hungaria, Where he may plague those Christian runnages, And falue the wounds that they have given our states, 510 Cherseo. Go and prouide a gift, A royall prefent for my Selimus, And tell him messenger another time He shall have talke inough with Baiazet.

Exeunt Cherseoli and Occhiali.

And now what counsell gives Mustaffa to vs? I feare this hastic reckoning will vndo vs.

Must. Make haste my Lord from Andrinople walles, And let vs slie to faire Bizantium,

Least if your sonne before you take the towne,

He may with little labour winne the crowne.

Baia. Then do so good Mustassa, call our gard, And gather all our warlike Ianissaries, Our chiefest and is swift celeritie, Then let our winged coursers tread the winde,

And

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And leave rebellious Selimus behinde.

Exeunt. All.

Sc. iv Enter Selimus, Sinam, Occhiali, Ottrante, and their fouldiers.

Selim. And is his answere so Occhiali? Is Selim fuch a corfiue to his heart, That he cannot endure the fight of him? Forfooth he gives thee all Samandria, From whence our mightie Emperour Mahomet, Was driven to his country backe with shame. No doubt thy father loues thee Selimus, To make thee Regent of so great a land, Which is not yet his owne: or if it were, What dangers wayt on him that should it stere. 540 Here the *Polonian* he comes hurtling in, Vnder the conduct of some forraine prince, To fight in honour of his crucifix! Here the Hungarian with his bloodie crosse, Deales blowes about to win Belgrade againe. And after all, forfooth Bafilius The mightie Emperour of Russia, Sends in his troupes of flaue-borne Muscouites, And he will share with vs, or else take all. In giving fuch a land fo full of strife, 550 His meaning is to rid me of my life. Now by the dreaded name of Termagant, And by the blackest brooke in loathsome hell, Since he is so vanaturall to me. I will prooue as vnnaturall as he. Thinks he to stop my mouth with gold or pearle? Or rustic lades set from Barbaria? No let his minion his philosopher, Corcut and Acomat be enrich'd with them. I will not take my rest, till this right hand 560 Hath puld the Crowne from off his cowards head.

And

And on the ground his bastards gore-blood shead: Nor shall his slight to old Bizantium, Dismay my thoughts which neuer learnd to stoup. March Sinam, march in order after him: Were his light sleeds as swift as Pegasus, And trode the ayrie pauement with their heeles, Yet Selimus would ouertake them soone. And though the heauens do nere so crossy frowne, In spight of heauen shall Selim weare the crowne.

Exeunt. 570

Alarum within. Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Cherseoli and the Sc. v Ianisfaries, at one doore. Selimus, Sinam, Ottrante, Occhiali, and their souldiers at another.

Baia. Is this thy dutie sonne vnto thy father, So imploufly to levell at his life? Can thy foule wallowing in ambitious mire, Seeke for to reaue that brest with bloudie knife, From whence thou hadst thy being Selimus? Was this the end for which thou joyndst thy selfe, With that mischieuous traytor Ramirchan? Was this thy drift to speake with Baiazet? Well hoped I (but hope I fee is vaine) Thou wouldst have bene a comfort to mine age, A scourge and terrour to mine enemies, That this thy comming with so great an hoast, Was for no other purpose and intent, Then for to chastise those base Christians Which spoile my subjects welth with fire & sword Well hoped I the rule of Trebisond, Would have increased the valour of thy minde, To turne thy strength vpon thy Persians. But thou like to a craftie Polipus, Doest turne thy hungry iawes vpon thy selfe, For what am I Selimus but thy felfe?

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When

VVhen courage first crept in thy manly brest, Hnd thou beganst to rule the martiall sword, How oft said thou the sun shuld change his course, VVater should turn to earth, & earth to heaven, Ere thou wouldst prooue disloyall to thy father.

600 O Titan turne thy breathlesse coursers backe, And enterprise thy iourny from the East. Blush Selim that the world should say of thee, That by my death thou gaindst the Emperie.

Seli. Now let my cause be pleaded Baiazet, For father I distaine to call thee now: I tooke not Armes to seaze vpon thy crowne, For that if once thou hadst bene layd in graue, Should sit vpon the head of Selimus In spight of Corcut and Acomat.

610 I tooke not Armes to take away thy life,
The remnant of thy dayes is but a span,
And foolish had I bene to enterprize
That which the gout and death would do for me.
I tooke not armes to shed my brothers blood,
Because they stop my passage to the crowne.
For while thou liu'st Selimus is content
That they shuld liue, but when thou once art dead
VVhich of them both dares Selimus withstand?
I soone should hew their bodies in peecemeale,

620 As easie as a man would kill a gnat.

But I tooke armes vnkind to honour thee.

And winne againe the fame that thou hast lost. And thou thoughtst scorne Selim should speake with thee.

But had it bene your darling Acomat,

You would have met him half the way your selfe. I am a Prince, and though your yoonger sonne, Yet are my merits better then both theirs:
But you do seeke to dispherit me.

But you do seeke to disinherit me,

And meane t'inuest Acomat with your crowne. 630 So he shall have a princes due reward.

That cannot shew a scarre receiv'd in field, VVe that have fought with mighty Prester Iohn, And stript th'Ægyhtian foldan of his camp, Venturing life and liuing to honour thee, For that same cause shall now dishonour'd be. Art thou a father? Nay false Baiazet Disclaime the title which thou doest not merit. A father would not thus flee from his sonne, As thou doest flie from loyall Selimus. A father would not iniure thus his sonne, As thou doeft iniure loyall Selimus. Then Baiazet prepare thee to the fight, Selimus once thy fonne, but now thy foe, VVill make his fortunes by the fword, And fince thou fear'ft as long as I do live, Ile also feare, as long as thou doest live. Exit Selim and his company.

Ba. My heart is ouerwhelm'd with fear & grief, VVhat dismall Comet blazed at my birth, VVhose influence makes my strong vnbrideled In steed of loue to render hate to me? (sonnes Ah Bassaies if that euer heretofore Your Emperour ought his safetie vnto you, Defend me now gainst my vnnaturall sonne:

Non timeo mortem: mortis mibi displicet author.

Exit Baiazet and his company.

Alarum, Mustassa beate Selimus in, then Ottrante and Cherseoli enter at diverse doores.

Cherse. Yeeld thee Tartarian or thou shalt die,

Vpon my swords sharpe point standeth pale death

Readie to rive in two thy caitive brest.

Ott. Art thou that knight that like a lion sièrce,

Tiring his stomacke on a stocke of lambes,

Hast broke our rankes & put them cleane to slight?

Cherse.

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Sc. vi

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Cherse. I and vnlesse thou looke vnto thy selfe, This swoord nere drunke in the *Tartarian* blood, Shall make thy carkasse as the outcast dung.

Ottran. Nay I have matcht a braver knight then you, Strong Alemshae thy maisters eldest sonne,

670 Leauing his bodie naked on the plaines,

And Turke, the felfesame end for thee remaines.

They fight. He killeth Cherseoli, and flieth.

Sc. vii Alarum, enter Selimus.

Selim. Shall Selims hope be buried in the dust? And Baiazet triumph ouer his fall? Then oh thou blindfull mistresse of mishap, Chiefe pratronesse of Rhamus golden gates, I will advance my strong revenging hand, And plucke thee from thy everturning wheele.

680 Mars, or Minerua, Mahound, Termagaunt,
Or who so ere you are that fight gainst me,
Come and but shew your selues before my face,
And I will rend you all like trembling reedes.
Well Baiazet though Fortune smile on thee,
And decke thy campe with glorious victorie,
Though Selimus now conquered by thee,
Is faine to put his safetie in swift flight:
Yet so he slies, that like an angry ramme,

689 Heele turne more fiercely then before he came.

Exit Selimus.

Sc. viii Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, the souldier with the bodie of Cherseoli, and Ottrante prisoner.

Baia. Thus have we gaind a bloodie victorie,
And though we are the maisters of the field,
Yet have we lost more then our enemies:
Ah lucklesse fault of my Cherseoli,
As deare and dearer wert thou vnto me,
Then any of my sonnes, then mine owne selfe.
Too When I was glad, thy heart was full of ioy,

And brauely hast thou died for Baiazet.	
And though thy bloudlesse bodie here do lie,	
Yet thy sweet soule in heauen for euer blest,	
Among the starres eniones eternall rest.	
What art thou warlike man of Tartarie,	
Whose hap it is to be our prisoner?	
Ottran. I am a prince, Ottrante is my name,	
Chiefe captaine of the Tartars mightie hoaft.	
Ba. Ottrante? Wast not thou that slue my son?	
Ottran. I, and if fortune had but fauour'd me,	710
Had fent the fire to keepe him company.	/
Baia. Off with his head and spoyle him of his Armes,	
And leave his bodie for the ayrie birds.	
Exist one with Ostra	inte.
The vnreuenged ghoast of Alemshae,	
Shall now no more wander on Stygian bankes,	••
But rest in quiet in th' Elysian fields.	
Mustaffa, and you worthic men at Armes,	
That left not Baiazet in greatest need,	
When we arrive at Constantines great Tour,	720
You shalbe honour'd of your Emperour.	•
Exeunt All.	
Enter Acomat Vifir, Regan, and a band of	8c. i.
fouldiers.	
Aco. Perhaps you wonder why prince Acomat,	
Delighting heretofore in foolish loue,	
Hath chang'd his quiet to a fouldiers state:	
And turnd the dulcet tunes of Mimens fong,	
Into Bellonas horrible outcries,	
You thinke it strange, that whereas I have liu'd,	730
Almost a votarie to wantonnesse,	
To see me low laie off effeminate robes,	
And arme my bodie in an iron wall.	
I have enjoyed quiet long inough,	
And furfeted with pleafures fuquidrie	
A field of dainties I have passed through,	
D	And

And bene a champion to faire Cytheree. Now fince this idle peace hath weeried me, Ile follow *Mars* and warre another while, 740 And die my shield in dolorous vermeil. My brother Selim through his manly deeds, Hath lifted vp his fame vnto the skies, While we like earth wormes lurking in the weeds, Do liue inglorious in all mens eyes. What lets me then from this vaine flumber rife, And by ftrong hand atchieue eternall glorie, That may be talkt of in all memorie? And fee how fortune fauours mine intent. Heard you not Lordings, how prince Selimus 750 Against our royall father armed went, And how the Ianisfaries made him flee To Ramir Emperour of Tartarie? This his rebellion greatly profits me, For I shall sooner winne my fathers minde, To yeeld me vp the Turkish Empire, Which if I haue, I am fure I shall finde Strong enemies to pull me downe againe, That faine would have prince Selimus to raigne. Then civill discord, and contentious warre, 760 Will follow Acomats coronation. Selim no doubt will broach feditious iarre. And Corcut too will feeke for alteration, Now to preuent all fuddaine perturbation, We thought it good to muster vp our power, That danger may not take it vnprouided. Visir. I like your highnesse resolution well, For these should be the chiefe arts of a king, To punish those that furiously rebell, And honour those that sacred counsell bring, 770 To make good lawes, ill customes to expell: To nourish peace from whence your riches spring, And when good quarrels call you to the field,

T'excell your men in handling speare & shield. Thus shall the glory of your matchlesse name, Be registred vp in immortal lines:

Whereas that prince that followes lustfull game, And to fond toyes his captiue minde enclines, Shall neuer passe the temple of true same, Whose worth is greater then the Indian mines. But is your grace assured certainly That Baiazes doth sauour your request? Perhaps you may make him your enemie, You know how much your sather doth detest, Stout obedience and obstinacie.

I speake not this as if I thought it best:
Your highnesse should your right in it neglect, But that you might be close and circumspect.

Aco. We thanke thee Visir for thy louing care, As for my father Baaizets affection,
Vnlesse his holy vowes forgotten are,
I shall be sure of it by his election.
By after Acomats erection,
We must forecast what things be necessary,

Least that our kingdome be too momentary.

Reg. First let my Lord be seated in his throne,
Enstalled by great Baiazets consent,
As yet your haruest is not fully growne,
But in the greene and vnripe blade is pent:
But when you once have got the regiment,
Then may your Lords more easily provide,

Against all accidents that may betide.

Acomas. Then set we forward to Bizantium,
That we may know what Baiazes intends.
Aduise thee Acomas, whats best to do,
The Ianissaries fauour Selimus,
And they are strong vndanted enemies,
Which will in Armes gainst thy election rise.
Then will them to thy wil with precious gifts,

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And

And store of gold: timely largition 810 The stedfast persons from their purpose lifts: But then beware least Baiazets affection Change into hatred by fuch premunition. For then he thinke that I am factious, And imitate my brother Selimus. Besides, a prince his honour doth debase, That begs the common fouldiers fuffrages, And if the Bassaes knew I sought their grace, It would the more increase their insolentnesse. To refift them were ouerhardinesse. 820 And worse it were to leave my enterprize. Well how so ere, resolue to venture it, Fortune doth fauour euery bold affay, And t'were a trick of an vnsetled wit Because the bees have stings with them alway, To fare our mouthes in honie to embay. Then resolution for me leades the dance, 827 And thus resolu'd, I meane to trie my chance.

Exeunt all.

St. x Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Calibassa, Halibassa, and the Ianissaries.

Baia. What prince so ere, trusts to his mightie pow'r, Ruling the reines of many nations,
And seareth not least sickle fortune loure,
Ar thinkes his kingdome free from alterations,
If he were in the place of Baiazet,
He would but litle by his scepter set.
For what hath rule that makes it acceptable,
Rather what hath it not worthie of hate:
First of all is our state still mutable,
840 And our continuance at the peoples rate,
So that it is a slender thred, whereon
Depends the honour of a princes throne.
Then do we seare, more then the child new borne,

Our

Our friends, our Lords, our fubiects, & our fonnes. Thus is our minde in fundry pieces torne By care, by feare, fuspition, and distrust, In wine, in meate we feare pernicious poyson, At home, abroad, we feare seditious treason. Too true that tyrant Dionysius Did picture out the image of a King, When Daniocles was placed in his throne, And ore his head a threatning fword did hang, Fastned up onely by a horses haire. Our chiefest trust is secretly distrust. For whom haue we whom we may fafely trust. If our owne fonnes, neglecting awfull dutie, Rife vp in Armes against their louing fathers. Their heart is all of hardest marble wrought, That can laie wayt to take away their breath, From whom they first sucked this vitall ayre. My heart is heavie, and I needs must sleepe. Baffaes withdraw your selves from me awhile, That I may reft my ouerburdned foule. They stand aside while the curtins are drawne.

They stand aside while the curtins are drawne. Eunuchs plaie me some musicke while I sleepe. Musicke within.

Must. Good Baiazes, who would not pitie thee, Whom thine owne sonne so vildly persecutes. More mildly do th'vnreasonables beasts Deale with their dammes, then Selimus with thee. Halibas. Mustaffa we are princes of the land,

And loue our Emperour as well as thou: Yet will we not for pitying his effate, Suffer our foes our wealth to ruinate. If Selim have playd false with Baiazet, And overslipt the dutie of a sonne, Why he was mou'd by just occasion. Did he not humbly send his messenger To crave accesse vnto his maiestie?

And

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880 And yet he could not get permission

To kisse his hands, and speake his mind to him.

Perhaps he thought his aged fathers loue

Was cleane estrang'd from him: and Acomat

Should reape the fruite that he had laboured for.

Tis lawfull for the father to take Armes,

I and by death chastize his rebell sonne.

Why should it be vnlawfull for the sonne,

To leavie Armes gainst his iniurious sire?

Must. You reason Hali like a sophister.

890 As if t'were lawfull for a fubiect prince
To rife in Armes gainst his soueraigne,
Because he will not let him haue his will:
Much lesse ist lawfull for a mans owne sonne.
If Baiazet had iniur'd Selimus,

Or fought his death, or done him fome abuse, Then Selimus cause had bene more tollerable. But Baiazet did neuer iniure him, Nor sought his death, nor once abused him, Vnlesse because he gives him not the crowne,

Gaue he not him an Empire for his part,
The mightie Empire of great Trebisond?
So that if all things rightly be observed,
Selim had more then ever he deserved.
I speake not this because I hate the prince,
For by the heavens I love yoong Selimus,
Better then either of his brethren.
But for I owe alleagiance to my king,
And love him much that favours me so much.

910 Mustaffa, while old Baiazet doth liue, Will be as true to him as to himselfe.

Cali. Why braue Mustaffa, Hali and my selfe Were neuer fasse vnto his maiestie. Our father Hali died in the sield, Against the Sopbi, in his highnesse warres.

And

And we will neuer be degenerate. Nor do we take part with prince Selimus, Because we would depose old Baiazet, But for because we would not Acomat That leads his life still in lasciulous pompe, Nor Corcut, though he be a man of woorth, Should be commander of our Empire. For he that neuer faw his foe mans face. But alwaies flept vpon a Ladies lap, Will scant endure to lead a souldiers life. And he that neuer handled but his penne, Will be vnskilfull at the warlike lance. Indeed his wisedome well may guide the crowne, And keepe that fafe his predecessors got: But being given to peace as Corcut is, He neuer will enlarge the Empire: So that the rule and power ouer vs. Is onely fit for valiant Selimus.

Must. Princes, you know how mightie Baiazet Hath honoured Mustaffa with his loue. He gaue his daughter beautious Solima, To be the fourraigne mistresse of my thoughts. He made me captaine of the Ianissaries, And too vnnaturall should Mustaffa be. To rife against him in his dying age. Yet know, you warlike peere, Mustaffa is A loyall friend vnto prince Selimus, And ere his other brethren get the crowne, For his fake, I my selfe will pull them downe. I loue, I loue them dearly, but the loue Which I do beare vnto my countries good, Makes me a friend to noble Selimus, Onely let Baiazet while he doth liue, Enjoy in peace the Turkish Diademe. When he is dead, and layd in quiet graue, Then none but Selimus our helpe shall have.

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Sound

Sound within. A Messenger enters, Baiazes awaketh.

Baia. How now Mustaffa, what newes have we there? Is Selim vp in Armes gainst me againe? Or is the Sophi entred our confines? Hath the Ægyptian snatch'd his crowne againe? Or have the vncontrolled Christians Vnsheath'd their swords to make more war on vs?

960 Such newes, or none will come to Baiazet.

Must. My gratious Lord, heres an Embassador

Come from your sonne the Soldan Acomat.

Baia. From Acomat? oh let him enter in.

Enter Regian.

Embassadour, how fares our louing sonne?

Reg. Mightie commander of the warlike Turks,

Micomat Souldane of Amasia,

Greeteth your grace by me his messenger.

He giues him a Letter.

970 And gratulates your highnesse good successe, Wishing good fortune may befall you still.

Baia. Mustaffa reade.

He gives the letter to Mustaffa, and speakes the rest to himselfe.

Acomat craues thy promise Baiazet,
To give the Empire vp into his hands,
And make it sure to him in thy life time.
And thou shalt have it lovely Acomat,
For I have bene encombred long inough,
980 And vexed with the cares of kingly rule,
Now let the trouble of the Empirie
Be buried in the bosome of thy sonne.
Ah Acomat, if thou have such a raigne
So full of forrow as thy fathers was,
Thou wilt accurse the time, the day and houre,
In which thou was establish'd Emperour.
Sound. A Messenger from Corcut.

Yet more newes?

Meff. Long live the mightie Emperor Baiazet, Corcut the Soldan of Magnefia, Hearing of Selims worthing overthrow, And of the comming of young Acomat, Doth certific your maiestic by me, How ioyfull he is of your victorie. And therewithall he humbly doth require Your grace would do him justice in his cause. His brethren both, vn worthie fuch a father, Do seeke the Empire while your grace doth live, And that by vndirect finister meanes. But Corcuts mind free from ambitious thoughts, And trusting to the goodnesse of his cause, loyned vnto your highnesse tender loue, Onely defires your grace should not inuest Selim nor Acomat, in the Diademe, Which appertaineth vnto him by right, But keepe it to your felfe the while you liue: And when it shall the great creator please, Who hath the spirits of all men in his hands, Shall call your highnesse to your latest home,

Then will he also sue to have his right.

Baia. Like to a ship sayling without starres,
Whom waves do tosse one way and winds another,
Both without ceasing: even so my poore heart
Endures a combat betwixt love and right.
The love I beare to my deare Acomat,
Commands me give my sussing without,
But Corcuts title, being my eldest sonne,
Bids me recall my hand, and give it him.
Acomat, he would have it in my life,
But gentle Corcut like a loving sonne,
Desires me live and die an Emperour,
And at my death bequeath my crowne to him.
Ah Corcut thou I see lou'st me indeed,

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Selimus

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Selimus fought to thrust me downe by force, And Acomat feekes the kingdome in my life, And both of them are grieu'd thou liu'ft fo long. But Corcut numbreth not my dayes as they, O how much dearer loues he me then they. Bassaes, how counsell you your Emperour? 1030 Must. My gratious Lord, my self wil speak for al, For all I know are minded as I am. Your highnesse knowes the Ianissaries loue, How firme they meane to cleave to your beheft, As well you might perceive in that fad fight, When Selim set vpon you in your flight. Then we do all defire you on our knees, To keepe the crowne and scepter to your selfe. How grieuous will it be vnto your thoughts, If you should give the crowne to Acomat, 1040 To see the brethren disinherited, To flesh their anger one vpon another, And rend the bowels of this mightie raigne. Suppose that Corcut would be well content, Yet thinkes your grace if Acomat were king, That Selim ere long would ioine league with him? Nay he would breake from forth his Trebisond, And waste the Empire all with fire and sword. Ah then too weake would be poore Acomat, To stand against his brothers puissance, 1050 Or faue himselfe from his enhanced hand. While *Ismael* and the cruell Persians. And the great Soldane of th'Egyptians, Would smile to see our force dismembred so. I and perchance the neighbour Christians Would take occasion to thrust out their heads. All this may be preuented by your grace, If you want reeld to Corcuts just request, And keepe the kingdome to you while you liue, Meane time we that your graces subjects are,

May make vs ftrong, to fortifie the man,
Who at your death your grace shal chuse as king.
Baia. O how thou speakest euer like thy selfe,
Loyall Mustassa: well were Baiazes
If all his sonnes, did beare such loue to him.
Though loth I am longer to weare the crowne,
Yet for I see it is my subjects will,
Once more will Baiazes be Emperour.
But we must send to pacifie our sonne,
Or he will storme, as earst did Selimus.
Come let vs go vnto our councell Lord,
And there consider what is to be done.

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Exeunt All.

Aco. Thus will I rend the crowne from off thy head, False hearted and iniurious Baiazet, To mocke thy sonne that loued thee so deare. What? for because the head-strong Ianissaries Would not confent to honour Acomat, And their base Bassaes vow'd to Selimus, Thought me vnworthie of the Turkish crowne, Should he be rul'd and ouerrul'd by them, Vnder pretence of keeping it himselfe, To wipe me cleane for euer being king? Doth he esteeme so much the Bassaes words, And prize their fauour at so high a rate, That for to gratifie their stubborne mindes, He casts away all care, and all respects Of dutie, promise, and religious oathes? Now by the holy Prophet Mahomet, Chiefe prefident and patron of the Turkes, I meane to chalenge now my right by Armes, And winne by fword that glorious dignitie Which he injuriously detaines from me.

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Haply

Haply he thinkes because that Selimus Rebutted by his warlike Ianissaries, Was faine to flie in hast from whence he came: That Acomat by his example mou'd, Will feare to manage Armes against his fire. 1100 Or that my life forepassed in pleasures court, Promises weake refistance in the fight: But he shall know that I can vie my swoord, And like a lyon seaze vpon my praie. If euer Selim mou'd him heretofore, Acomat meanes to mooue him ten times more. Visir. T'were good your grace would to Amasia, And there increase your camp with fresh supply. Aco. Vifir, I am impatient of delaie, And fince my father hath incenst me thus, 1110 Ile quech those kindled flames with his hart blood. Not like a fonne, but a most cruell foe, Will Acomat henceforth be vnto him. March to Natolia, there we will begin And make a preface to our massacres. My nephew Mahomet sonne to Alemshae, Departed lately from Iconium, Is lodged there, and he shall be the first 1118 Whom I will facrifice vnto my wrath.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xii Enter the yoong Prince Mahomet, the Belierbey of Natolia, and one or two fouldiers.

Mabo. Lord Gouernour, what thinke you best to doo? If we receive the Souldaine Acomai,
Who knoweth not but his blood-thirstie swoord
Shall be embowell'd in our country-men.
You know he is displeased with Baiazet,
And will-whell, as Selim did to fore,
And would to God with Selims overthrow.
You know his angrie heart hath vow'd revenge
1130 On all the subjects of his sathers land.

Belierbey.

Bel. Young prince, thy vncle seekes to have thy life, Because by right the Turkish crowne is thine, Saue thou thy selfe by slight or otherwise, And we will make resistance as we can.

Like an Armenian tygre, that hath lost Her loued whelpes, so raueth Acomat:
And we must be subject to his rage,
But you may live to venge your citizens.

Then slie good prince before your vncle come.

Make Nay good my Lord pages shell it he said

Mabo. Nay good my Lord, neuer shall it be said That Mabomet the sonne of Alemsbae, Fled from his citizens for feare of death, But I will staie, and helpe to sight for you, And if you needs must die, ile die with you. And I among the rest with forward hand, Will helpe to kill a common enemie.

Exeunt All.

Enter Acomat, Vifir, Regan, and the fouldiers. Aco. Now faire Natolia, shall thy stately walles Be ouerthrowne and beaten to the ground. My heart within me for reuenge still calles. Why Baiazet, thought'st thou that Acomat Would put vp fuch a monstrous iniurie? Then had I brought my chiualrie in vaine, And to no purpose drawne my conquering blade, VVhich now vnsheath'd, shal not be sheath'd againe, Till it a world of bleeding foules hath made. Poore Mahomet, thou thought'st thy selfe too sure, In thy strong citie of Iconium, To plant thy Forces in Natolia, VVeakned fo much before by Selims Iwoord. Summon a parley to the citizens, That they may heare the dreadfull words I speak. And die in thought before they come to blowes. All. A parley Mahomet, Believbey, and fouldiers

on the walles.

Mahomet.

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Sc. xiii

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Mabo. What craues our vncle Acomat of vs? Aco. That thou & all the citie yeeld themselves, Or by the holie rites of Mabomet

1170 His wondrous tomb, and facred Alcoran, You all shall die: and not a common death,

But euen as monstrous as I can deuise.

Mabo. Vncle, if I may call you by that name, Which cruelly hunt for your nephewes blood, You do vs wrong thus to befiege our towne, That nere deferu'd fuch hatred at your hands, Being your friends and kinfmen as we are.

Aco. In that thou wrongst me that thou art my kinsman. Mabo. Why for I am thy nephew doest thou frowne?

Aco. I that thou art so neare vnto the crowne. Mabo. Why vncle I refigne my right to thee,

And all my title were it nere so good.

Aco. Wilt thou? then know affuredly from me, Ile feale the refignation with thy blood: Though Alem/bae thy father lou'd me well,

Yet Mahomet thy fonne shall downe to hell.

Mab. Why vncle doth my life put you in feare? Aco. It shall not nephew, since I have you here. Mabo. VVhen I am dead, mote hindrers shalt thou finde.

Acom. VVhen ones cut off, the fewer are behinde. 1190 Mabo. Yet thinke the gods do beare an equal eye. Aco. Faith if they all were squint-ey'd, what care I. Mabo. Then Mahomet know we will rather die,

Then yeeld vs vp into a tyrants hand.

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Aco. Beshrew me but you be the wifer Mahomet, For if I do but catch you boy aliue, Twere better for you runne through Phlegiton. Sirs scale the walles, and pull the caitiues downe, I give to you the spoyle of all the towne.

Alarum. Scale the walles. Enter Acomat. Vifir and Regan, with Mahomet.

Acom. Now yoongster, you that brau'dst vs on the walles, And

And shooke your plumed crest against our shield, VV hat wouldst thou giue, or what wouldst thou not giue, That thou wert far inough from Acomat? How like the villaine is to Baiazet? VVel nephew for thy father lou'd me well, I will not deale extreemly with his sonne: Then heare a briese compendium of thy death. Regan go cause a groue of steelehead speares, Be pitched thicke vnder the castle wall, And on them let this youthfull captaine sall.

Ma. Thou shalt not fear me Acomat with death, Nor will I beg my pardon at thy hands.

So do I freely leave to thee my curse:

Exit Regan with Mahomet.

Aco. O, that wil serue to fil my fathers purse. Alarum. Enter a souldier with Zonara, fister to Mahomet.

But as thou giu'st me such a monstrous death,

Zon. Ah pardon me deare vncle, pardon me.

Aco. No minion, you are too neare a kin to me.

Zon. If euer pitie entered thy brest,
Or euer thou wast touch'd with womans loue,
Sweete vncle spare wretched Zonaras life.
Thou once wast noted for a quiet prince,
Soft-hearted, mild, and gentle as a lambe,
Ah do not prooue a lyon vnto me.

Aco. VVhy would'st thou live, when Mahomet is dead?

Ron. Ah who slew Mahomet? Vncle did you?

Aco. He thats prepar'd to do as much for you.

Zon. Doest thou not pitie Alemshae in me?

Aco. Yes that he wants so long thy companie.

Zon. Thou art not false groome son to Baiazet,

He would relent to heare a woman weepe,
But thou wast borne in desart Caucasus,
And the Hirtanian tygres gaue thee sucke,
Knowing thou wert a monster like themselues.

Acomat.

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Aco. Let you her thus to rate vs? Strangle her.

They strangle her.

Now scoure the streets, and leave not one alive
To carrie these sad newes to Baiazet.

That all the citizens may dearly say,
This day was fatall to Natolia.

1240

Exeunt All.

Sc. xiv Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, and the Ianisfaries.

Ba. Mustaffa, if my minde deceive me not,

Some strange missortune is not farre from me.

I was not wont to tremble in this fort.

As if it hastned to surprize my heart,
Me thinkes some voice still whispereth in my eares
And bids me to take heed of Acomat.

-_Must. Tis but your highnesse ouercharged mind VVhich search most the things it least desires.

Enter two fouldiers with the Belierbey of Natolia in a chaire, and the bodie of Mahomet and Zonara, in two coffins.

Ba. Ah sweet Mustaffa, thou art much deceiu'd,

My minde presages me some future harme,

1260 And loe what dolefull exequie is here.

Our chiefe commander of Natolia?

VVhat caitiue hand is it hath wounded thee?

And who are these couered in tomblack hearse?

Bel. These are thy nephewes mightie Baiazet, The sonne and daughter of good Alemsbae, VVhom cruell Acomat hath murdred thus. These eyes beheld, when from an ayrie toure, They hurld the bodie of yoong Mahomet,

VVhereas a band of armed fouldiers,

1270 Received him falling on their speares sharp points.

His fifter poore Zonara,

Entreating life and not obtaining it,

VVas strangled by his barbarous souldiers.

Baiazet fals in a fownd, and being recourred fay:

Baia.

Baia. Oh you dispenders of our haplesse breath, Why do you glut your eyes, and take delight To see sad pageants of mens miseries? Wherefore haue you prolong'd my wretched life, To see my sonne my dearest Acomat, To lift his hands against his fathers life? 1280 Ah Selimus, now do I pardon thee, For thou did'ft fet vpon me manfully, And mou'd by an occasion, though vniust. But Acomat, iniurious Acomat, is tentimes more vnnaturall to me. Haplesse Zonara, haplesse Mahomet, The poore remainder of my Alemsbae, Which of you both shall Baiazet most waile? Ah both of you are worthie to be wailde. Happily dealt the froward fates with thee, 1290 Good Alemsbae, for thou didft die in field, And so preuentedst this sad spectacle, Pitifull spectacle of fad dreeriment, Pitifull spectacle of dismall death. But I have liu'd to see thee Alemsbae, By Tartar Pirates all in peeces torne. To see young Selims disobedience. To see the death of Alemshaes poore seed. And last of all to see my Acomat Proque a rebellious enemie to me. 1300 Beli. Ah cease your teares vnhappie Emperour, And shead not all for your poore nephews death. Six thousand of true-hearted citizens In faire Natolia, Acomat hath flaine: The channels run like riverets of blood, And I escap'd with this poore compande, Bemangled and dismembred as you see, To be the messenger of these sad newes.

And now mine eyes fast swimming in pale death, Bids me resigne my breath vnto the heauens,

1310

Death flands before readie for to strike. Farewell deare Emperour and reuenge our loffe, As euer thou doest hope for happinesse. Baia. Auernus iawes and loathsome Tanarus, From whence the damned ghoafts do often creep, Back to the world to punish wicked men. Black Demogorgon, grandfather of night, Send out thy furies from thy firie hall, The pitilesse Erymnies arm'd with whippes, 1320 And all the damned monsters of black hell, To powre their plagues on curfed Acomat. How shall I mourne, or which way shall I turne To powre my teares upon my dearest friends? Couldst thou endue false-hearted Acomat. To kill thy nephew and thy fifter thus, And wound to death fo valiant a Lord? And will you not you albeholding heavens, Dart down on him your piercing lightning brand, Enrold in fulphur, and confuming flames? 1330 Ah do not Ioue, Acomat is my sonne, And may perhaps by counsell be reclaim'd

And brought to filiall obedience.

Aga thou art a man of peirsant wit,

Go thou and talke with my sonne Acomat,

And see if he will any way relent.

Speake him saire Aga, least he kill thee too.

And we my Lords will in, and mourne a while,

Ouer these princes lamentable tombs.

Exeunt all.

St. 20 Enter Acomat, Vifir, Regan, and their fouldiers.

1342 Aco. As Tityus in the countrie of the dead,
With reftlesse cries doth call vpon high Ioue,
The while the vulture tireth on his heart,
So Acomas, reuenge still gnawes thy soule.
I thinke my souldies hands have bene too slow,

In sheading blood, and murthring innocents. I thinke my wrath hath bene too patient, Since civill blood quencheth not out the flames Which Baiazet hath kindled in my heart. 1350 Visir. My gratious Lord, here is a messenger Sent from your father the Emperour. Enter Aga, and one with him. Aco. Let him come in: Aga what newes with you? Aga. Great Prince, thy father mightie Baiazet, Wonders your grace whom he did love so much, And thought to leave possessour of the crowne, Would thus requite his loue with mortall hate, To kill thy nephewes with reuenging fword, And massacre his subjects in such fort. 1360 Aco. Aga, my father traitrous Baiazet, Detaines the crowne injuriously from me, Which I will haue if all the world fay nay. I am not like the vnmanured land, Which answeres not his honours greedie mind: I fow not feeds upon the barren fand, A thousand wayes can Acomat soone finde, To gaine my will, which if I cannot gaine, Then purple blood my angry hands shall staine. Aga. Acomat, yet learne by Selimus, 1370 That hastie purposes have hated endes. Aco. Tush Aga, Selim was not wife inough To fet vpon the head at the first brunt: He should have done as I do meane to do, Fill all the confines, with fire, fword, and blood: Burne vp the fields, and ouerthrow whole townes, And when he had endammaged that way, The teare the old man peecemeale with my teeth, And colour my strong hands with his gore-blood. Aga. O see my Lord, how fell ambition 1380 Deceiues your fences and bewitcyes you, Could you vakind performe so foule a deed,

As

As kill the man, that first gaue life to you? Do you not feare the peoples aduerse fame?

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Aco. It is the greatest glorie of a king When, though his subjects hate his wicked deeds

Yet are they forft to beare them all with praise.

Aga. Whom feare constraines to praise their princes deeds,

That feare, eternall hatred in them feeds.

Aco. He knowes not how to fway the kingly mace, That loues to be great in his peoples grace:

The furest ground for kings to build vpon,
Is to be fear'd and curst of euery one.

What though the world of nations me hate?

Hate is peculiar to a princes state.

Aga. Where ther's no shame, no care of holy law, No faith, no instice, no integritie, That state is full of mutabilitie.

Aco. Bare faith, pure vertue, poore integritie, 1400 Are ornaments fit for a private man,
Beseemes a prince for to do all he can.

Aga. Yet know it is a facrilegious will, To flaie thy father were he nere so ill.

Aco. Tis lawfull gray-beard for to do to him, What ought not to be done vnto a father. Hath he not wip't me from the Turkish crowne? Preferr'd he not the stubborne Ianizaries, And heard the Bassaes stout petitions, Before he would give eare to my request? As sure as day, mine eyes shall nere tast sleepe,

Before my fword haue riuen his periur'd breft.

Aga. Ah let me neuer liue to see that day.

Aco. Yes thou shalt liue, but neuer see that day,

Wanting the tapers that should give thee light:

Puls out his eyes.

Thou shalt not see so great felicitie, When I shall rend out *Baiazets* dimme eyes, And by his death install my selfe a king.

, Transfer to the range of	
Aga. Ah cruell tyrant and vnmercifull,	
More bloodie then the Anthropomphagi.	1420
That fill their hungry stomachs with mans slesh	-
Thou inouldit have flaine me barbarous Acomat.	
Not leave me in to comfortlesse a life	
To live on earth, and never see the sunne.	
Aco. Nay let him die that liueth at his ease.	
Death would a wretched caitiue greatly please.	
Aga. And thinkit thou then to scape vnpuished.	
No Acomat, though both mine eyes be gone,	
Yet are my hands left on to murther thee.	
Aco. T'was wel remembred: Regan cut them off.	1430
They cut of his hands and give them Acomat.	
Now in that fort go tell thy Emperour	
That if himselfe had but bene in thy place,	
I would have vs'd him crueller then thee:	
Here take thy hands: I know thou lou'ft them wel.	•
Opens his bosome, and puts them in.	
Which hand is this? right? or left? canft thou tell?	
Aga. I know not which it is, but tis my hand.	
But oh thou supreme architect of all,	
First mouer of those tenfold christall orbes,	1440
Where all those mouing, and vnmouing eyes	• •
Behold thy goodnesse euerlastingly:	
See, vnto thee I lift these bloudie armes,	
For hands I have not for to lift to thee,	
And in thy instice dart thy smouldring flame	
Vpon the head of curfed Acomat.	
Oh cruell heavens and iniurious fates,	
Euen the last refuge of a wretched man,	
Is tooke from me: for how can Aga weepe?	
Or ruine a brinish shew'r of pearled teares?	1450
Wanting the watry cesternes of his eyes?	
Come lead me backe againe to Baiazet,	
The wofullest, and sadd'st Embassadour	
That euer was dispatch'd to any King.	
F 3	Aco.

Aco. Why so, this musicke pleases Acomat. And would I had my doating father here, I would rip vp his breast, and rend his heart, Into his bowels thrust my angry hands, As willingly, and with as good a mind,

As willingly, and with as good a mind,
1460 As I could be the Turkish Emperour.

And by the cleare declining vault of heauen,
Whither the soules of dying men do slee,
Either I meane to dye the death my selfe,
Or make that old false faitour bleed his last.
For death no forrow could vnto me bring,
So Acomot might die the Turkish king.

Exeunt All.

St. xvi Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Cali, Hali, and Aga led by a souldier: who keeling before Baiazet,

1470 and holding his legs shall say:

and holding his legs shall say:

Aga. Is this the bodie of my soueraigne?

Are these the sacred pillars that support

The image of true magnanimitie?

Ah Baiazet, thy sonne salse Acomat

Is full resolved to take thy life from thee:

Tis true, tis true, witnesse these handlesse armes,

VVitnesse these emptie lodges of mine eyes,

VVitnesse the gods that from the highest heaven

Beheld the tyrant with remorcelesse heart,

1480 Puld out mine eyes, and cut off my weake hands.
VVitnesse that sun whose golden coloured beames
Your eyes do see, but mine can nere behold:
VVitnesse the earth that sucked vp my blood,
Streaming in rivers from my tronked armes.
VVitnesse the present that he sends to thee,
Open my bosome, there you shall it see.

Mustaffa opens his bosome and takes out his hands.

Those are the hands, which Aga once did vse, 1490 To tosse the speare, and in a warlike gyre

To hurtle my sharpe sword about my head, Those sends he to the wofull Emperour, With purpose so cut thy hands from thee. Why is my foueraigne filent all this while? Ba. Ah Aga, Baiazet faine would speak to thee, But sodaine forrow eateth vp my words. Baiazet Aga, faine would weepe for thee, But cruell forrow drieth vp my teares. Baiazet Aga, faine would die for thee, But griefe hath weakned my poore aged hands. 1500 How can he fpeak, whose tongue forrow hath tide? How can he mourne, that cannot shead a teare? How shall he live, that full of miserie Calleth for death, which will not let him die? Must. Let women weep, let children powre foorth teares, And cowards spend the time in bootlesse mone. Wee'l load the earth with fuch a mightie hoaft Of Ianizaries, sterne-borne sonnes of Mars, That Pbæb shall flie and hide him in the cloudes For feare our jauelins thrust him from his waine. 1510 Old Aga was a Prince among your Lords, His Councels alwaies were true oracles, And shall he thus vnmanly be misus'd, And he unpunished that did the deed? Shall Mahomet and poore Zonaras ghoafts, And the good governour of Natalia Wander in Stygian meadowes vnreueng'd? Good Emperour stir vp thy manly heart, And fend forth all thy warlike Ianizaries To chastise that rebellious Acomat. 1520 Thou knowst we cannot fight without a guide, And he must be one of the royall blood, Sprung from the loines of mightie Ottoman, And who remaines now, but young Selimus? So please your grace to pardon his offence,

And make him captaine of th'imperiall hoaft.

Baia.

Baia. I good Mustaffa, send for Selimus, So I may be reueng'd I care not how, The worst that can befall me is but death, 1530 That would end my wofull miserie.

Selimus he must worke me this good turne, I cannot kill my selfe, hee'l do't for me. Come Aga, thou and I will weepe the while: Thou for thy eyes and losse of both thy hands, I for th'vnkindnesse of my Acomat.

Exeunt All.

c. xvii Enter Selimus, and a messenger with a letter from Baiazet.

Selim. Will fortune fauour me yet once againe?

1540 And will she thrust the cards into my hands?

VVell if I chance but once to get the decke,

To deale about and shusse as I would:

Let Selim neuer see the day-light spring,

Vnlesse I shusse out my selfe a king.

Friend let me see thy letter once againe,

That I may read these reconciling lines.

Reades the letter.

Thou hast a pardon Selim granted thee.

Mustaffa and the forward lanizaries

1550 Haue sued to thy father Baiazet,

That thou maist be their captaine generall
Against th'attempts of Souldane Acomat.

VVhy thats the thing that I requested most,
That I might once th'imperiall armie leade:
And since its offred me so willingly,
Beshrew me but ile take their curtesse.

Soft let me see is there no policie
T'entrap poore Selimus in this deuice?
It may be that my father seares me yet,

1560 Least I should once againe rise vp in armes,
And like Anteus queld by Hercules,

Gather new forces by my ouerthrow:

THE TRAGEDY OF MARIAM 1613.

The copy of Mariam formerly in the Huth collection is not the only one which contains the dedicatory sonnet and list of characters. Another, it appears, is in the possession of Mr. W. A. White of New York, who has most kindly supplied the General Editor with photographs of the additional leaf. In view of the fact that so far as is known the only copies of this are now in America, it has been thought well to reproduce the two pages in collotype as well as issuing a type facsimile of them by way of supplement to the Society's reprint of the play. Mr. White's copy was bought from a London bookseller in 1890.

It will be observed as regards the sonnet that Hazlitt's reprint in Notes and Queries, while not quite accurate in details, is essentially faithful to the original. As regards 'The names of the Speakers' now reprinted for the first time, it will be noticed that the list has been compiled by some one possessing at best a superficial acquaintance with the play. Thus Antipater is said to be Herod's son by Salome instead of by Doris, Silleus' name is misprinted 'Sillius', while the abbreviation 'Bu.' is taken as representing the name of 'another Messenger', whereas in fact it almost certainly stands for 'Butler'.

ERRATUM.

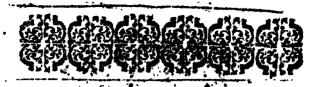
Mariam, 1. 1451. In some copies of the reprint an 'I' appears at the beginning of this line before the word would'. In the original there is no 'I', only a blank space. See note in the List of Doubtful Readings.



The names of the Speakers.

Elerch, King of Indea.
Doris, bis first Wefe.
Mariam, his fecond syste.
Mariam, his fecond syste.
Matepater his found by Salome.
Mexamina, Admiants mostor,
Selfins, Prince of Arabia.
Confidency, bushand to Salome.
Pharmas, Florads Brother.
Graphina, his Lane.
Bahns for Some.
Bahns fecond Some.
Amand, the high Print.
Sobomus, a Companie of Israes.
Bu. another Melfonger.
Charms, a Companie of Israes.





TODIANAES EARTHLIE DEPUTESSE.

and my worthy Sifter, Miffes.

Hen cherchil Photos his full course hath run.
His lifting faintealscams our hartedoch cheere a
so your laire Brother is to meet he Sunger
And you his Sifter as my Moone appeare.

You are my next below'd, my found Friend, For when my Phabus ablence makes it Night, Whill to the Antipodes his beamer do bend, From you my Phabe, thines my fecond Light.

Hee like to SOL, cleare-fighted, conflant, free, You LVNA-like, unspotted, chast, dining the shore on Sicily, you destind bee.

Tillumine the now obscurde Palefine.

My first was confectated to Apallo,
My second to DIA NA now shall follow.

E. C.



TO DÏANAES

EARTHLIE DEPVTESSE,

and my worthy Sifter, Mistris Elizabeth Carye.

Hen cheerful *Phæbus* his full course hath run, His sisters fainter beams our harts doth cheere? So your faire Brother is to mee the Sunne, And you his Sister as my Moone appeare.

You are my next belou'd, my fecond Friend, For when my *Phabus* absence makes it Night, Whilst to th' *Antipodes* his beames do bend, From you my *Phabe*, shines my second Light.

10

Hee like to SOL, cleare-fighted, constant, free, You LNNA-like, vnspotted, chast, divine: Hee shone on Sicily, you destin'd bee, T'illumine the now obscurde Palestine. My first was consecrated to Apollo, My second to DIANA now shall follow.

E. C.

A

The



The names of the Speakers.

Herod, King of Iudea. Doris, his first Wife. Mariam, bis second Wife. Salome, Herods Sifter. Antipater bis sonne by Salome. Alexandra, Mariams mother. Sillius, Prince of Arabia. Constabarus, busband to Salome. Pharoras, Herods Brother. Graphina, his Loue. Babus first Sonne. Babus second Sonne. Annanell, the high Priest. Sohemus, a Counsellor to Herod. Nuntio. Bu. another Messenger. Chorus, a Companie of Iewes.

10



And therefore fends for me vnder pretence Of this, and that: but when he hath me there, Hee'll make me fure for putting him in feare. Distrust is good, when theirs cause of distrust. Read it againe, perchance thou doest mistake.

(Reade.

O, heer's Mustaffas signet set thereto,
Then Selim cast all foolish feare aside,
For hee's a Prince that fauours thy estate,
And hateth treason worse then death it selfe.
And hardly can I thinke he could be brought
If there were treason, to subscribe his name.
Come friend, the cause requires we shuld be gone,
Now once againe haue at the Turkish throne.

Exeunt Both.

Enter Baiazet leading Aga, Mustaffa, Hali, Cali, Selimus, the Ianizaries.

Sc. xviii

1580

1570

Baia. Come mournfull Aga, come and fit by me, Thou hast bene forely grieu'd for Baiazet, Good reason then that he should grieue for thee. Give me thy arm, though thou hast lost thy hands, And liu'st as a poore exile in this light, Yet hast thou wonne the heart of Baiazet.

Aga. Your graces words are verie comfortable, And well can Aga beare his grieuous losse, Since it was for so good a Princes sake.

Seli. Father, if I may call thee by that name, Whose life I aim'd at with rebellious sword: In all humilitie thy resormed sonne, Offers himselfe into your graces hands, And at your seete laieth his bloodie sword, Which he advanc'd against your maiestie. If my offence do seeme so odious That I deserve not longer time to live, Behold I open vnto you my brest, Readie prepar'd to die at your command.

1590

But

C

But if repentance in vnfained heart,
1600 And forrow for my grieuous crime forepast,
May merit pardon at your princely hands.
Behold where poore inglorious Selimus,
Vpon his knees begs pardon of your grace.

Baia. Stand vp my fon, I ioy to heare thee speak,

But more, to heare thou art so well reclaim'd.
Thy crime was nere so odious vnto me,
But thy reformed life and humble thoughts,
Are thrice as pleasing to my aged spirit.
Selim we here pronounce thee by our will,

1610 Chiefe generall of the warlike Ianizaries.

Go lead them out against false Acomat,
Which hath so grieuously rebell'd gainst me.
Spare him not Selim, though he be my sonne,
Yet do I now cleane disinherit him,
As common enemy to me and mine.

Seli. May Selim live to shew how dutifull And louing he will be to Baiazet. So now doth fortune smile on me againe, And in regard of former iniuries,

1620 Offer me millions of Diadems:

I smile to see how that the good old man,
Thinks Selims thoughts are broght to such an ebbe
As he hath cast off all ambitious hope.
But soone shall that opinion be remou'd,
For if I once get mongst the Ianizars,
Then on my head the golden crowne shall sit.
Well Baiazet, I seare me thou wilt greeue,
That ere thou didst thy faining sonne beleeue.
Exit Selim, with all the rest, saue Baiazet

Exit Selim, with all the rest, saue Baiazet and Aga.

Ba. Now Aga, all the thoghts that troubled me,
Do rest within the center of my heart,
And thou shalt shortly ioy as much with me,
Then Acomat by Selims consuming sword,

Shall

Shall leefe that ghoaft, which made thee loofe thy fight.

Aga. Ah Baiazet, Aga lookes not for reuenge,
But will powre out his praiers to the heauens,
That Acomat may learne by Selimus,
To yeeld himselfe vp to his fathers grace.

Sound within, long liue Selimus Emperour
of Tunkes.

1640

Baia. How now, what sodaine triumph haue we here?

Must. Ah gratious Lord, the captaines of the hoste,
With one assent haue crown'd Prince Selimus,
And here he comes with all the Ianizaries,
To craue his confirmation at thy hands.

Enter Cali Baffa, Selimus, Hali Baffa, Sinam, and the Ianizaries.

Sinam. Baiazet, we the captaines of thy hoast, Knowing thy weake and too vnwildie age, Vnable is longer to gouerne vs:
Haue chosen Selimus thy yoonger sonne
That he may be our leader and our guide,
Against the Sophi and his Persians,
Gainst the victorious Soldane Tonumbey.
Their wants but thy consent, which we wil haue,
Or hew thy bodie peece-meale with our swords.
Baia. Needs must I giue, what is alreadie gone.
He takes of his crowne.

1650

Here Selimus, thy father Baiazet
Weeried with cares that wayt vpon a king,
Resignes the crowne as willingly to thee,
As ere my father gaue it vnto me.

1660

Sets it on his head.

All. Long live Selimus Emperour of Turkes.

Baia. Live thou a long and a victorious raigne,
And be triumpher of thine enemies.

Aga and I will to Dimeticum,
And live in peace the remnant of our dayes.

1670

Exit Baiazet and Aga.

Seli.

G 2

Seli. Now fit I like the arme-strong fon of Ioue, When after he had all his monsters quell'd, He was receiv'd in heaven mongst the gods, And had faire *Hebe* for his louely bride. As many labours Selimus hath had, And now at length attained to the crowne, This is my Hebe, and this is my heaven. Baiazet goeth to Dimoticum, And there he purposes to live at ease, 1680 But Selimus, as long as he is on earth, Thou shalt not sleep in rest without some broyle, For *Baiazet* is vnconstant as the winde: To make that fure I have a platforme laid. Baiazet hath with him a cunning Iew, Professing phisicke, and so skill'd therein, As if he had pow'r ouer life and death. Withall, a man fo flout and resolute, That he will venture any thing for gold. This Iew with some intoxicated drinke, 1690 Shall poyfon Baiazet and that blind Lord, Then one of Hydraes heads is cleane cut off. Go some and fetch Abraham the Iew.

Exit one for Abraham.

Corcut, thy pageant next is to be plaid.

For though he be a graue Philosopher,
Giuen to read Mahomets dread lawes,
And Razins toyes, and Auicemaes drugges,
Yet he may have a longing for the crowne.
Besides, he may by divellish Negromancie
1700 Procure my death, or worke my overthrow,
The divell still is readie to do harme.

Hali, you and your brother presently
Shall with an armie to Magnesia,
There you shall find the scholler at his booke,
And hear'st thou Hali? strangle him.

Execut Hali, and Cali.

Corcut once dead, then Acomat remaines,
Whose death wil make me certaine of the crowne.
These heads of Hydra are the principall,
When these are off, some other will arise,
As Amurath and Aladin, sonnes to Acomat,
My sister Solyma, Mustaffaes wise,
All these shall suffer shipwrack on a shelfe,
Rather then Selim will be drown'd himselfe.

1710

Enter Abraham the Iew.

Iew thou art welcome vnto Selimus,
I have a piece of service for you sir,
But on your life be secret in the deed.
Get a strong poyson, whose enuenom'd taste
May take away the life of Baiazet,
Before he passe forth of Bizantium.

1720

Abra. I warrant you my gratious foueraigne, He shall be quickly sent vnto his graue, For I haue potions of so strong a force, That whoseuer touches them shall die.

Speakes afide.

And wold your grace would once but tast of them I could as willingly affoord them you, As your aged father *Baiazet*.

My Lord, I am resolu'd to do the deed.

1730

Exit. Abraham.

Seli. So this is well: for I am none of those
That make a conscience for to kill a man.
For nothing is more hurtfull to a Prince,
Then to be scrupulous and religious.
I like Lysanders counsell passing well,
If that I cannot speed with lyons force,
To cloath my complots in a foxes skin.
For th'onely things that wrought our Empirical Were open wrongs, and hidden trecherie.
Oh, th'are two wings wherewith I vie to slie
And soare aboue the common fort.

1740

G :

If

If any feeke our wrongs to remedie, With these I take his meditation short, And one of these shall stil maintaine my cause, Or foxes skin, or lions rending pawes.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xix Enter Baiazet, Aga, in mourning clokes,

Abraham the Iew with a cup.

For fortune neuer shew'd her selfe so crosse,
To any Prince as to poore Baiazet.
That wosull Emperour sirst of my name,
Whom the Tartarians locked in cage,
To be a spectacle to all the world,
Was ten times happier then I am.
For Tamberlaine the scourge of nations,
Was he that puld him from his kingdome so.
But mine owne sonnes, expell me from the throne,

Or what shall I begin to make my mone.
Or what shall I sirst recken in my plaint,
From my youth vp I have bene drown'd in woe,
And to my latest houre I shall be so.
You swelling seas of neuer ceasing care,
Whose waves my weather-beaten ship do tosse,
Your boystrous billowes too vnruly are
And threaten still my ruine and my losse:
Like hugie mountaines do your waters reare,
Their lostie toppes, and my weake vessell crosse.

1770 Alas at length allaie your stormie strife,
And cruell wrath within me rages rife.
Or else my feeble barke cannot endure,
Your slashing bussets and outragious blowes,
But while thy soamie sloud doth it immure,
Shall soone be wrackt vpon the sandie shallowes.
Griefe my leaud boat-swaine stirreth nothing sure,
But without stars gainst tide and wind he rowes,
And cares not though vpon some rock we split.

A reftlesse

A restlesse pilot for the charge vnfit. But out alasse, the god that vales the sea, 1780 And can alone this raging tempest stent, Will neuer blow a gentle gale of eafe, But fuffer my poore vessell to be rent. Then ô thou blind procurer of mischance. That staist thy selfe vpon a turning wheele, Thy cruel hand euen when thou wilt enhance, And pierce my poore hart with thy chrillant steele Aga. Cease Baiazet, now it is Agas turne, Rest thou a while and gather vp more teares. The while poore Aga tell his Tragedie. 1790 When first my mother brought me to the world, Some blazing Comet ruled in the skie, Portending miserable chance to me. My parents were but men of poore estate, And happie yet had wretched Aga bene, If Baiazet had not exalted him. Poore Aga, had it not bene much more faire. T'haue died among the cruell Perfians, Then thus at home by barbarous tyrannie To liue and neuer see the cheerfull day, 1800 And to want hands wherewith to feele the way. Ba. Leaue weeping Aga, we have wept inough, Now Baiazet will ban another while, And vtter curses to the concaue skie, Which may infect the regions of the ayre, And bring a generall plague on all the world. Night thou most antient grand-mother of all, First made by love, for rest and quiet sleepe, When cheerful day is gon from th'earths wide hall. Henceforth thy mantle in blak Lethe sleepe, 1810 And cloath the world in darknesse infernall. Suffer not once the joyfull dailight peepe, But let thy pitchie steeds aye draw thy waine, And coaleblack filence in the world still raigne. Curfe

Curse on my parents that first brought me vp, And on the cradle wherein I was rockt, Curse on the day when first I was created The chiese commander of all Asia.

Curse on my sonnes that drive me to this griese,
1820 Curse on my selfe that can finde no reliese.

And curse on him, an everlasting curse,
That quench'd those lampes of everburning light,
And tooke away my Ana, warlike hands

And tooke away my Agas warlike hands. And curse on all things vnder the wide skie,

Ah Aga, I have curst my stomacke drie.

1830

Abra. I have a drinke my Lords of noble worth, Which foone will calme your stormie passions, And glad your hearts if so you please to taste it.

Baia. For who art thou that thus doest pitie vs?

Abra. Your highnesse humble servant Abrahā.

Baia. Abraham sit downe and drink to Baiazet.

Abra. Faith I am old as well as Baiazet, And haue not many months to liue on earth, I care not much to end my life with him. Heer's to you Lordings with a full carouse.

He drinkes.

Baia. Here Aga, wofull Baiazet drinkes to thee. Abrabam, hold the cup to him while he drinkes.

Abra. Now knowold Lords, that you have drunk your last:

1840 This was a potion which I did prepare
To poyson you, by Selimus instigation,
And now it is dispersed through my bones,
And glad I am that such companions
Shall go with me downe to Proserpina.

He dies.

Baia. Ah wicked Iew, ah curfed Selimus,
How have the deftins dealt with Baiazet,
That none shuld cause my death but mine own son?
Had Ismael and his warlike Persians
1850 Pierced my bodie with their iron speares,

Or had the strong vnconquer'd Tonumbey
With his Aegyptians tooke me prisoner,
And sent me with his valiant Mammalukes,
To be praie vnto the Crocodilus.
It neuer would have grieu'd me halfe so much.
But welcome death into whose calmie port,
My sorrow-beaten soule joyes to arrive.
And now farewell my disobedient sonnes,
Vnnaturall sonnes vnworthie of that name.
Farewell sweete life, and Aga now farewell,
Till we shall meete in the Elysian fields.

1860

Aga. What greater griefe had mournful Priamus, Then that he liu'd to see his Hector die, His citie burnt downe by reuenging slames, And poore Polites slaine before his face? Aga, thy griefe is matchable to his, For I haue liu'd to see my soueraignes death, Yet glad that I must breath my last with him. And now farewell sweet light, which my poore eyes These twice six moneths neuer did behold: Aga will follow noble Baiazet, And beg a boone of louely Proserpine, That he and I may in the mournfull fields, Still weepe and waile our strange calamities.

1870

Sc. xx

He dies Enter Bullithrumble, the shepheard running in hast,

and laughing to himselfe.

Bulli. Ha, ha, ha, married quothyou? Marryand Bullitbrumble were to begin the world againe, I would fet a tap abroach, 1880 and not live in daily feare of the breach of my wives ten-commandemens. Ile tell you what, I thought my felfe as proper a fellow at wasters, as any in all our village, and yet when my wife begins to plaie clubbes trumpe with me, I am faine to fing:

What hap had I to marry a shrew, For she hath given me many a blow,

And

н

And how to please her alas I do not know. From morne to even her toong ne'r lies, Sometime she laughs, sometime she cries: And I can scarce keep her talets fro my eies. When from abroad I do come in, Sir knave she cries, where have you bin? Thus please, or displease, she laies it on my Then do I crouch, then do I kneele, (skin. And wish my cap were furr'd with steele, To beare the blows that my poore head doth seele. But our sir some bestrew thy hart, For thou hast ioynd vs we cannot part, And I poore foole, must ever beare the smart.

die, she came with a holly wand, and so blest my shoulders that I was faine to runne through a whole Alphabet of faces: now at the last seeing she was so cramuk with me, I began to sweare all the crisse crosse row ouer, beginning at great A, litle a, til I cam to w, x, y. And snatching vp my sheephooke, & my bottle and my bag, like a desperate fellow ranne away, and here now ile sit downe and eate my meate.

While he is eating, Enter Corcut and his Page, disguised like mourners.

That feedest on the soule of noblest men,
Damned ambition, cause of all miserie,
Why doest thou creep from out thy loathsome fen,
And with thy poyson animatest friends,
And gape and long one for the others ends.
Selimus, could'st thou not content thy mind,
With the possession of the facred throne,
Which thou didst get by fathers death vnkind:
Whose poison'd ghost before high God doth grone.

1920 But thou must seeke poore Corcus overthrow,
That never injured thee, so, nor so?

1890

Old Halies fonnes with two great companie Of barded horse, were sent from Selimus, To take me prisoner in Magnelia. And death I am fure should have befell to me. If they had once but fet their eyes on me. So thus disguised my poore Page and I, Fled fast to Smirna, where in a darke caue We meant t'await th'arrivall of some ship That might transfreit vs fafely vnto Rhodes. But see how fortune crost my enterprise. Bostangi Bassa, Selims sonne in law. Kept all the sea coasts with his Brigandines. That if we had but ventured on the sea. I presently had bene his prisoner. These two dayes have we kept vs in the caue, Eating fuch hearbes as the ground did affoord: And now through hunger are we both conftrain'd Like fearefull snakes to creep out step by step, And fee if we may get vs any food. And in good time, see yonder sits a man, Spreading a hungry dinner on the graffe.

1940

1930

Bullithrumble spies them, and puts vp his meate.

Bull. These are some felonians, that seeke to rob me, well, ile make my selfe a good deale valianter then I am indeed, and if they will needes creep into kindred with me, ile betake me to my old occupation, and runne away.

Corcut. Haile groome.

Bull. Good Lord fir, you are deceived, my names mafter Bullithrumble: this is some consoning conscatching crosbiter, that 1950 would faine perswade me he knowes me, and so vnder a tence of familiaritie and acquaintance, vncle me of victuals.

Corcut. Then Bullitbrumble, if that be thy name:

Bull. My name fir ô Lord yes, and if you wil not beleeue me, I wil bring my godfathers and godmothers, and they shal swear it vpon the font-stone, and vpon the church booke too, where it is written.

Bull.

Bull. Masse, I thinke he be some Iustice of peace, ad quorum, and omnium populorum, how he samines me: a christian, yes mar1960 rie am I sir, yes verely and do beleeue: and it please you ile goe forward in my catechisme.

Corcut. Then Bullithrumble, by that bleffed Christ, And by the tombe where he was buried, By soueraigne hope which thou conceiu'st in him, Whom dead, as euerliuing thou adorest.

Bull. O Lord helpe me, I shall be torne in peeces with divels

and goblins.

Corcut. By all the ioyes thou hop'ft to have in heaven,

Giue some meate to poore hunger-starued men.

be as stately to them as if I were maister *Pigwiggen* our constable: well firs come before me, tell me if I should entertain you, would you not steale?

Page. If we did meane so fir, we would not make your wor-

ship acquainted with it.

Bulli. A good well nutrimented lad: well if you will keepe my sheepe truly and honestly, keeping your hands from lying and slandering, and your tongues from picking and stealing, you shall be maister Bullitbrumbles servitures.

1980 Corcut. With all our hearts.

Bulli. Then come on and follow me, we will have a hogges cheek, and a dish of tripes, and a societie of puddings, & to field: a societie of puddings, did you marke that well vsed metaphor? Another would have said, a company of puddings: if you dwel with me long sirs, I shall make you as eloquent as our parson himselfe.

Exeunt Corcut, and Bullithrumble.

Page. Now is the time when I may be enrich'd. The brethren that were fent by Selimus

1990 To take my Lord, Prince Corcut prisoner,
Finding him fled, proposed large rewards
To them that could declare where he remaines.
Faith ile to them and get the portagues,

Though

Though by the bargain Corcut loofe his head.

Exit Page.

Enter Selimus, Sinam-bassa, the courses of Mustassa and Aga, Sc. xxi with funerall pompe, Mustassa, and the Ianizaries.

Seli. Why thus must Selim blind his subject eies,

And straine his owne to weep for Baiazet.

They will not dreame I made him away,

2000

When thus they fee me with religious pompe,

To celebrate his tomb-blacke mortarie.

(To himselfe.

And though my heart cast in an iron mould, Cannot admit the smallest dramme of griefe, Yet that I may be thought to loue him well,

Ile mourne in shew, though I reioyce indeed.

To the courses.

Thus after he hath fine long ages liu'd,
The facred Phanix of Arabia,
Loadeth his wings with pretious perfumes,
And on the altar of the golden funne,
Offers himselfe a gratefull facrifice.
Long didst thou line triumphant Baiazet,
A feare vnto thy greatest enemies,
And now that death the conquerour of Kings,
Dislodged hath thy neuer dying soule,
To stee vnto the heavens from whence she came,
And leave her fraile, earth paulion,

Thy bodie in this auntient monument,

2010

2020

Where our great predecessours sleep in rest:
Suppose the Temple of Mahomet.

Thy wofull sonne Selimus thus doth place.
Thou wert the Phanix of this age of ours,
And diedst wrapped in the sweete perfumes,
Of thy magnifick deeds, whose lasting praise
Mounteth to highest heaven with golden wings.
Princes come beare your Emperour companie
In, till the dayes of mourning be ore past,
And then we meane to rouze salse Acomas,

And

2030 And cast him foorth of Macedonia.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xxii

Enter *Hali*, *Cali*, *Corcuts* Page, and one or two fouldiers.

Page. My Lords, if I bring you not where Corcut is, then let me be hanged, but if I deliuer him vp into your hands, then let me haue the reward due to so good a deed.

Hali. Page, if thou shew vs where thy maister is, Be fure thou shalt be honoured for the deed, And high exalted aboue other men.

2040

Enter Corcut, and Bullithrumble.

Page. That same is he, that in disguised robes, Accompanies you shepheard to the fields.

Cor. The sweet content that country life affoords, Passeth the royall pleasures of a King: For there our ioyes are interlaced with seares: But here no seare nor care is harboured, But a sweete calme of a most quiet state. Ah Corcus, would thy brother Selimus But let thee liue, here should'st thou spend thy life,

2050 Feeding thy sheep among these grassie lands. But sure I wonder where my Page is gone.

Hali. Corcut.

Corcut. Ay-me, who nameth me? Hali. Hali, the gouernour of Magnesia.

Poore prince, thou thoghtst in these disguised weeds, To maske vnseene: and happily thou might'st, But that thy Page betraied thee to vs.

And be not wrath with vs vnhappie prince, If we do what our soueraigne commands.

2060 Tis for thy death that Selim sends for thee.

Cor. Thus I like poore Ampharaus, fought By hiding my estate in shepheards coate, T'escape the angry wrath of Selimus. But as his wife false Eriphyle did Betray his safetie for a chaine of gold,

So my false Page hath vilely dealt with me, Pray God that thou maist prosper so as she. Hali, I know thou forrowest for my case, But it is bootlesse, come and let vs go, Corcut is readie, fince it is must be so.

2070

Cali. Shepheard.

Bulli. Thats my profession fir. Cali. Come, you must go with vs.

Bulli. Who I? Alasse sir, I have a wife and seventeene cradles rocking, two ploughs going, two barnes filling, and a great heard of beafts feeding, and you should vtterly vndo me to take me to fuch a great charge.

Cali. Well there is no remedie.

Exeunt all, but Bullitbrumble stealing from them closely away.

Bulli. The mores the pitie. Go with you quoth he, marrie that had bene the way to preferment, downe Holburne vp Tiburne: well ile keepe my best ioynt from the strappado as well as I can hereafter, Ile haue no more feruants.

Exit running away.

Enter Selimus, Sinam-Baffa, Mustaffa, and the lanizaries.

Sc. xxiii

Seli. Sinam, we heare our brother Acomat Is fled away from Macedonia, To aske for aide of Persian Ismael,

2090

And the Ægyptian Soldane our chiefe foes. Sinam. Herein my Lord I like his enterprise, For if they give him aide as fure they will, Being your highnesse vowed enemies. You shall have just cause for to warre on them. For giving fuccour gainst you, to your foe. You know they are two mightie Potentates, And may be hurtfull neighbours to your grace, And to enrich the Turkish Diademe.

With

2100 With two so worthie kingdomes as they are, Would be eternall glorie to your name.

Seli. By heavens Sinam, th'art a warriour, And worthie counceller vnto a King.

Sound within. Enter Cali and Hali, with Corcut and his Page.

How now, what newes?

Cali. My gratious Lord, we here present to you Your brother Corcut, whom in Smirna coasts Feeding a slocke of sheepe vpon a downe, 2110 His traitrous Page betraied to our hands.

Seli. Thanks ye bold brethren, but for that false part, Let the vile Page be famished to death.

Corcut. Selim, in this I see thou art a Prince, To punish treason with condigne reward.

Seli. O fir, I loue the fruite that treason brings, But those that are the traitors, them I hate. But Corcut could not your Philosophie Keepe you safe from my Ianizaries hands. We thought you had old Gyges wondrous ring,

2120 That so you were inuisible to vs.

Cor. Selim, thou dealft vnkindly with thy brother, To feeke my death, and make a iest of me. Vpbraid'st thou me with my philosophie? Why this I learn'd by studying learned arts, That I can beare my fortune as it falles, And that I feare no whit thy crueltie, Since thou wilt deale no otherwise with me, Then thou hast dealt with aged Baiazet.

Seli. By heavens Corcut, thou shalt surely die,

2130 For flandring Selim with my fathers death.

Cor. The let me freely speak my mind this once, For thou shalt neuer heare me speake againe.

Sel. Nay we can give such loosers leave to speak.

Cor. Then Selim, heare thy brothers dying words, And marke them well, for ere thou die thy selfe,

Thou

Thou shalt perceive all things will come to passe, That Coreut doth divine before his death. Since my vaine flight from faire Magnefia, Selim I have converst with Christians, And learn'd of them the way to faue my foule, 2140 And please the anger of the highest God. Tis he that made this pure Christalline vault Which hangeth ouer our vnhappie heads, From thence he doth behold each finners fault: And though our finnes vnder our feete he treads, And for a while seeme for to winke at vs, But is to recall vs from our wayes. But if we do like head-strong sonnes neglect To hearken to our louing fathers voyce, Then in his anger will he vs reject, 2150 And give vs over to our wicked choyce. Selim before his dreadfull maiestie, There lies a booke written with bloudie lines, Where our offences all are registred. Which if we do not hastily repent, We are referu'd to lasting punishment. Thou wretched Selimus hast greatest need To ponder these things in thy secret thoughts, If thou consider what strange massacres And cruell murthers thou hast caus'd be done. 2160 Thinke on the death of wofull Baiazet. Doth not his ghoast stil haunt thee for revenge? Selim in Chiurlu didst thou set vpon Our aged father in his fodaine flight: In Chiurlu shalt thou die a greeuous death. And if thou wilt not change thy greedie mind, Thy foule shall be tormented in darke hell, Where woe, and woe, and neuer ceasing woe, Shall found about thy euer-damned foule. Now Selim I haue spoken, let me die: 2170 I neuer will intreate thee for my life. Selim

Selim farewell: thou God of Christians, Receive my dying soule into thy hands. (Strangles him.

Seli. What is he dead? then Selimus is fafe, And hath no more corrivals in the crowne. For as for Acomat he foone shall see, His Persian aide cannot save him from me. Now Sinam march to saire Amasia walles,

Where Acomats stout Queene immures her selfe,

For fince her husband is my enemy,
I fee no cause why she should be my friend.
They say yoong Amurath and Aladin,
Her bastard brood, are come to succour her.
But ile preuent this their officiousnesse,
And send their soule downe to their grandfather.
Mustassa you shall keepe Bizantium,
While I and Sinam girt Amasa.

Exit Selimus, Sinam, Ianizaries all faue one.

Must. It grieues my foule that Baiazets faire line, Should be eclipsed thus by Selimus,
Whose cruell soule will neuer be at rest
Till none remaine of Ottomans faire race
But he himselfe: yet for old Baiazet
Loued Mustaffa deare vnto his death,
I will shew mercy to his familie.
Go sirra, poast to Acomats yoong sonnes,
And bid them as they meane to saue their lives,
To slie in haste from faire Amasia,

2200 Least cruell Selim put them to the sword.

Exit one to Amurath and Aladin.

And now Mustaffa, prepare thou thy necke, For thou art next to die by Selims hands. Stearne Sinam Bassa, grudgeth still at thee, And crabbed Hali stormeth at thy life, All repine that thou art honour'd so, To be the brother of their Emperour.

Enter

Enter Solyma.	
But wherefore comes my louely Solyma?	
Soly. Mustaffa I am come to seeke thee out,	4410
If ever thy distressed Solyma,	2210
Found grace and fauour in thy manly heart:	
Flie hence with me vnto fome desert land,	
For if we tarry here we are but dead.	
This night when faire Lucinaes shining waine,	
Was past the chaire of bright Cassioney,	
A fearefull vision appear'd to me.	
Me thought Mustaffa, I beheld thy necke	
So often folded in my louing armes,	
In foule difgrace of Bassaes faire degree,	
With a vile haltar basely compassed.	2220
And while I powr'd my teares on thy dead corpes,	
A greedie lyon with wide gaping throate,	
Scaz'd on my trembling bodie with his feete,	
And in a moment rent me all to nought.	
Flie sweet Mustaffa, or we be but dead.	
Must. Why should we sie beauteous Solyma,	
Mou'd by a vaine and a fantastique dreame?	
Or if we did flie, whither should we flie?	
If to the farthest part of Asia,	
Know's thou not Column bines have long hands?	2230
Know'st thou not Solyma, kings hane long hands?	
Come, come, my ioy, returne againe with me,	
And banish hence these melancholy thoughts. (Exeunt.	
Enter Aladin, Murath, the messenger.	Sc. xxi
Aladin. Messenger is it true that Selimus	
Is not far hence encamped with his hoste?	
And meanes he to distoyne the haplesse some	
From helping our distressed mothers towne?	
Meff. Tis true my Lord, and if you loue your lives	
Flie from the bounds of his dominions,	2240
For he you know is most vnmercifull.	
Amu. Here messenger take this for thy reward. Exist mess.	
But we fweet Aladin, let vs depart,	
Now in the quiet filence of the night	

That

That ere the windowes of the morne be ope, We may be far inough from Selimus.

2247 Ile to Aegyptus.

Alinda. I to Persia.

(Exeunt.

Sc. xxv Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, Ianizaries.

Seli. But is it certaine Hali they are gone?

And that Mustaffa moued them to flie?

Hali. Certaine my Lord, I met the messenger

As he returned from yoong Alinda:

And learned of them, Mustaffa, was the man

That certified the Princes of your will.

Seli. It is inough: Mustaffa shall abie

At a deare price his pitifull intent.

Hali go fetch Mustaffa and his wife. (Exit Hali.

For though she be fifter to Selimus,

2260 Yet loues she him better then Selimus.

So that if he do die at our command,

And she should live: soone wold she worke a mean

To worke reuenge for her Musiaffas death.

Enter Hali, Mustaffa, and Solima.

False of thy faith, and traitor to thy king,

Did we so highly alway honour thee,

And doest thou thus requite our love with treason,

For why should'st thou send to yoong Alinda,

And Amurath, the sonnes of Acomat,

2270 To give them notice of our fecrecies,

Knowing they were my vowed enemies?

Must. I do not seeke to lesson my offence

Great Selimus, but truly do protest

I did it not for hatred of your grace,

So helpe me God and holy Mahomet.

But for I grieu'd to see the famous stocke

Of worthie Baiazet fall to decay,

Therefore I fent the Princes both away.

Your highnesse knowes Mustaffa was the man

2280 That fau'd you in the battell of Churlu,

When

When I and all the warlike Ianizaries Had hedg'd your person in a dangerous ring. Yet I tooke pitie on your daunger there, And made a way for you to scape by flight. But those your Bassaes have incensed you, Repining at Mustaffas dignitie. Stearne Sinam grindes his angry teeth at me. Old Halies sonnes do bend their browes at me, And are agricued that Mustaffa hath Shewed himselfe a better man then they. And yet the lanizars mourne for me, They know Mustaffa neuer proued false. I, I have bene as true to Selimus, As euer subject to his soueraigne, So helpe me God and holy Mahomet. Seli. You did it not because you hated vs, But for you lou'd the sonnes of Acomat. Sinam, I charge thee quickly strangle him, He loues not me that loues mine enemies. As for your holy protestation, It cannot enter into Selims eares: For why Mustaffa? every marchant man Will praise his own ware be it ne'r so bad. Solima. For Solimas sake mightie Selimus, Spare my Mustaffas life, and let me die: Or if thou wilt not be so gratious,

Yet let me die before I fee his death.

Seli. Nay Solima, your selfe shall also die,
Because you may be in the selfesame fault.

Why staist thou Sinam? strangle him I say.

Sinam strangles him.

Soli. Ah Solimus, he made thee Emperour, And wilt thou thus requite his benefits? Thou art a cruell tygre and no man, That coul'st endure to see before thy face, So braue a man as my Mustassa was,

2290

2300

2310

Cruelly strangled for so small a fault.

Seli. Thou shalt not after liue him Solima.

Twere pitie thou should'st want the company

2320 Of thy deare husband: Sinam strangle her.

And now to faire Amasia let vs march.

Acomats wise, and her vnmanly hoast,

Will not be able to endure our sight,

Much lesse make strong resistance in hard sight.

Exeunt.

Sc. 220 Enter Acomat, Tonombeius, Vifir, Regan, and their fouldiers.

Aco. Welcome my Lords into my natiue soyle,
The crowne whereof by right is due to me:
2330 Though Selim by the Ianizaries choyce,
Through vsurpation keep the same from me.
You know contrary to my fathers mind,
He was enthronized by the Bassaes will,
And after his enstalling, wickedly
By poyson made good Baiazes to die.
And strangled Corcut, and exiled me.
These iniuries we come for to reuenge,
And raise his siege from saire Amassa walles.
Tonom. Prince of Amassa, and the rightful heire

With willing heart great Tonombey hath left Ægyptian Nilus and my fathers court, To aide thee in thy vndertaken warre, And by the great Vancassanos ghoast, Companion vnto mightie Tamberlaine, From whom my father lineally descends, Fortune shall shew her selfe too crosse to me, But we will thrust Selimus from his throne, And reuest Acquast in the Empirie.

Aco. Thanks to the vncontrolled Tonombey. But let vs hafte vs to Amafia,

To fuccour my befieged citizens.

None

None but my Queene is ouerseer there, And too too weake is all her pollicie, Against so great a foe as Selimus.

Exeunt All

Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, and the Ianizaries.

Sc. xxvii

Seli. Summon a parley firs, that we may know Whether these Mushroms here will yeeld or no. A parley: Queene of Amasia, and her souldiers on the walles.

2360

Queen. What crauest thou bloud-thirstie parricide? Ist not inough that thou hast soulely slaine, Thy louing father noble Baiazet, And strangled Corcut thine vnhappie brother Slaine braue Mustassa, and faire Solima? Because they sauoured my vnhappie sonnes, But thou must yet seeke for more massacres? Go, wash thy guiltie hands in luke-warme blood. Enrich thy souldiers with robberies: Yet do the heavens still beare an equal eye,

2370

And vengeance followes thee even at the heeles.

Seli. Queene of Amasia, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe?

Queen. First shall the over-slowing Euripus

Of swift Eubea stop his restlesse course

And Pbabs bright globe bring the day fro the west,

And quench his hot slames in the Esterne sea.

Thy bloudie sword vngratious Selimus

Sheath'd in the bowels of thy dearest friends:

Thy wicked gard which still attends on thee,

Fleshing themselves in murther, lust, and rape:

What hope of savour? what securitie?

2380

But looke for strong resistance at our hands. Seli, Why then you never danted Ianizaries, Aduance your shields and vncontrolled speares,

Rather what death do they not promise me? Then thinke not Selimus that we will yeeld,

Your

Your conquering hands in foe-mens blood embay, 2390 For Selimus himselfe will lead the way. Allarum, beats them off the walles. Allarum.

Sc. xxviii Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, Ianizaries, with Acomats Queene prisoner.

Se. Now sturdie dame, where are your men of war To gard your person from my angry sword? What? though brau'd vs on your citie walles, Like to that Amanonian Menalip, Leauing the bankes of swift-stream'd Thermodon To challenge combat with great Hercules:

2400 Yet Selimus hath pluckt your haughtie plumes, Nor can your spouse rebellious Acomat, Nor Alinda, or Amurath your sonnes, Deliuer you from our victorious hands.

Queen. Selim I fcorne thy threatnings as thy felfe. And though ill hap hath given me to thy hands, Yet will I never beg my life of thee. Fortune may chance to frowne as much on thee. And Acomai whom thou doeft fcorne fo much, May take thy base Tartarian concubine,

2410 As well as thou hast tooke his loyall Queene.
Thou hast not fortune tied in a chaine,
Nor doest thou like a warie pilot sit,
And wisely stir this all conteining barge.
Thou art a man as those whom thou hast slaine,
And some of them were better far then thou.

Seli. Strangle her Hali, let her foold no more. Now let vs march to meet with Acomas, He brings with him that great Ægyptian bug, Strong Tonombey, Vsan-Cassanos sonne.

2420 But we shall soone with our fine tempered swords, Engraue our prowesse on their buganets, Were they as mightie and as fell of force, As those old earth-bred brethren, which once

Heape hill on hill to scale the starrie skie,

When Briareus arm'd with a hundreth hands,

Flung foorth a hundreth mountaines at great Ioue,

And when the monstrous giant Monichus

Hurld mount Olimpus at great Mars his targe,

And darted cedars at Mineruas shield. Exeunt All.

Allarum. Enter Selimus, Sinam, Cali, Hali, and the Ianizaties, Sc. xxix

at one doore, and Acomat, Tonombey, Regan, Visfr, and their souldiers at another.

Seli. What are the vrchins crept out of their dens, Vnder the conduct of this porcupine? Doest thou not tremble Acomat at vs, To see how courage masketh in our lookes, And white-wing'd victorie sits on our swordes? Captaine of Ægypt, thou that vant'st thy selfe Sprung from great Tamberlaine the Scythia theese, Who bad the enterprise this bold attempt, To set thy seete within the Turkish consines, Or lift thy hands against our maiestie?

Aco. Brother of Trebisond, your squared words, And broad-mouth'd tearmes, can neuer conquer vs. We come resolu'd to pull the Turkish crowne, Which thou doest wrongfully detaine from me, By conquering sword from of thy coward crest.

Seli. Acomat, fith the quarrell toucheth none But thee and me: I dare, and challenge thee.

Tonum. Should he accept the combat of a boy?

Whose varipe yeares and farre variper wit Like to the bold foole-hardie Phaton
That sought to rule the chariot of the sunne,
Hath mou'd thee t'vadertake an Empirie.

Seli. Thou that resoluest in peremptorie tearmes, To call him boy that scornes to cope with thee: But thou canst better vse thy bragging blade, Then thou canst rule thy ouerslowing tongue, Soone shalt thou know that Selims mightie arme

2440

2450

2460 Is able to ouerthrow poore Tonombey.

Allarum, Tonombey beates Hali and Cali in.
Selim beats Tonombey in. Allarum,
Exit Tonombey.

Sc. xxx

Tonom. The field is loft, and Acomat is taken. Ah Tonombey, how canst thou shew thy face To thy victorious sire, thus conquered. A matchlesse knight is warlike Selimus. And like a shepheard mongst a swarme of gnats, Dings downe the slying Persians with their swords.

2470 Twice I encountred with him hand to hand, And twice returned foyled and asham'd. For neuer yet fince I could manage Armes, Could any match with mightie Tonombey, But this heroicke Emperour Selimus. Why stand I still, and rather do not slie The great occision which the victors make?

Exit Tonombey.

Sc. xxxi Allarum. Enter Selimus, Sinam Baffa, with Acomat prisoner, Hali, Cali, Ianizaries.

2480 Seli. Thus when the coward Greeks fled to their ships,
The noble Hector all besmear'd in blood,
Return'd in triumph to the walles of Troy.
A gallant trophee, Bassaes haue we wonne,
Beating the neuer-foyled Tonombey,
And hewing passage through the Persians.
As when a lyon rauing for his praie,
Falleth vpon a droaue of horned balles,
And rends them strongly in his kingly pawes.
Or Mars arm'd in his adamantiue coate,
2490 Mounted vpon his sirie-shining waine,

1490 Mounted vpon his firie-shining waine,
Scatters the troupes of warlike Thracians,
And warmes cold *Hebras* with hot streams of blood.
Braue Sinam, for thy noble prisoner,
Thou shalt be generall of my Ianizaries.

And Belierbey of faire Natalia. Now Acomat, thou monster of the world, Why stoup'st thou not with reuerence to thy king? Aco. Selim if thou have gotten victorie, Then vie it to thy contentation. If I had conquer'd, know affuredly 2500 I would have faid as much and more to thee. Know I disdaine them as I do thy felfe, And scorne to stoupe or bend my Lordly knee, To fuch a tyrant as is Selimus. Thou flew'ft my Queene without regard or care, Of loue or dutie, or thine owne good name. Then Selim take that which thy hap doth giue, Difgra'ft, displai'ft, I longer loath to liue. Seli. Then Sinam strangle him: now he is dead, Who doth remaine to trouble Selimus? 2510 Now am I King alone and none but I. For fince my fathers death vntill this time, I neuer wanted some competitors. Now as the weerie wandring traueller That hath his steppes guided through many lands, Through boiling soile of Affrica and Ind, When he returnes vnto his natiue home: Sits downe among his friends, and with delight Declares the trauels he hath ouerpast. So maist thou Selimus, for thou hast trode 2520 The monster-garden paths, that lead to crownes. Ha, ha, I smile to thinke how Selimus Like the Ægyptian Ibis hath expelled Those swarming armies of swift-winged snakes, That fought to ouerrun my territories, When foultring heat the earths green childre spoiles From foorth the fennes of venemous Affrica, The generation of those flying snakes, Do band themselues in troupes, and take their way To Nilus bounds: but those industrious birds, 2530 Those

Those *Ibides* meete them in set array, And eate them vp like to a swarme of gnats, Preventing such a mischiefe from the land. But see how vakind nature deales with them: From out their egges rises the basiliske, Whose onely fight killes millions of men. When Acomat lifted his vngratious hands Against my aged father Baiazet. They fent for me, and I like Ægipts bird 2540 Haue rid that monster, and his fellow mates. But as from Ibis springs the Bafilisk, Whose onely touch burneth vp stones and trees. So Selimus hath prou'd a Cocatrice, And cleane confumed all the familie Of noble Ottoman, except himselfe. And now to you my neighbour Emperours, That durst lend and to Selims enemies, Sinam those Soldanes of the Orient. Aegipt and Persia, Selimus will quell, 2550 Or he himselfe will fincke to lowest hell. This winter will we rest and breath our selves: But soone as Zephyrus sweete smelling blast Shall greatly creep ouer the flourie meades, Wee'll have a fling at the Ægyptian crowne, And ioyne it vato ours, or loofe our owne.

Exeunt.

Conclusion.

Thus have we brought victorious Selimus,
Vnto the Crowne of great Arabia:
Next shall you see him with trinmphant sword,
Dividing kingdomes into equal shares,
And give them to their warlike followers.
If this first part Gentles, do like you well,
The second part, shall greater murthers tell.

FINIS.

